

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

AUGUST 24, 1962

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LXXX NO. 8

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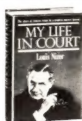
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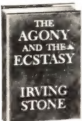
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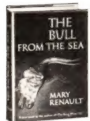
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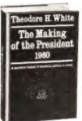
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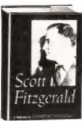
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LETTERS

Byrd Man

Sir:

I have just completed reading the Aug. 17 issue of TIME containing the cover story on Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia. I congratulate you on an excellent story on the character, dedication, and principles of a man whom the nation will always remember as a truly great American.

I have had occasions to visit with Senator Byrd in his Washington office and have attended his annual August picnics. I can attest to the fact that if there is one man who is responsible for keeping our country from going completely socialistic since the Roosevelt era, that man would be the gentleman from Virginia.

DONALD BALDWIN

Alexandria, Va.

Sir:

All his political life Senator Harry Byrd has been guided by a few simple and unchanging maxims about business and government. Today he is an intellectual fossil. His retirement will be a blessing because he gives some small measure of dignity to ideas whose only relevance to the U.S.'s pressing domestic problems is to obstruct their solution.

RICHARD F. TOMASSON

Department of Sociology
University of Illinois
Urbana, Ill.

Sir:

Regarding your article on the Honorable Senator Harry F. Byrd: Is the axiom that the laws ought to "be enforced by the white people of this country" one of the lessons this man of reminiscence is to teach to "that attractive young fellow in the White House"?

A teacher of such doctrine should be viewed with something less than absolute trust.

ANTHONY G. DI BARTOLOMEO

Weirton, W. Va.

Sir:

Harry Byrd should be Man of the Year for protecting the American people from the Boy of the Year.

GERALD SIMMONS

Cincinnati

Early J.F.K.

Sir:

A hearty thanks for your generous approval of the fine arts exhibit at our Seattle World's Fair [TIME, Aug. 10].

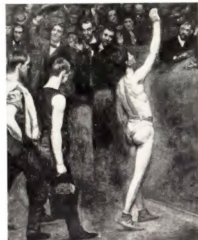
Your reporter seemed to have overlooked,

however, the unexpected appearance of J.F.K. in the painting *Salutat* done by Thomas Eakins in 1889. The painting shows Kennedy, accompanied by Bobby and Ted, approaching the coalition of Democrats and Republicans who have given him so much trouble in the present session of Congress. He seems to be attempting some sort of truce.

ALAN B. WILKIE

Tacoma, Wash.

▶ See cut.—Ed.



EAKINS' "SALUTAT"

Man on the Moon

Sir:

I thank TIME for an exceedingly interesting article on D. Brainerd Holmes, his team, and the progress of the United States in their efforts to reach the moon [Aug. 10]. Your article shows, in a concise and easy to understand way, the problems that must be solved before the big day arrives.

S. BRUUN-MEYER

Johannesburg

Sir:

Your story on the fabulous moonoggle is possibly one of the most painful expositions of screeching insanity ever seen in print. At a time when our crushing load of taxation is stifling our industry, blocking our social progress and bringing joy to our enemies, an endless torrent of taxpayers' dollars is

being recklessly poured into an open-end inverted rathole.

Those of us who pioneered aviation could always define the benefits we were trying to offer mankind, and we spent our own resources trying; the space promoters can offer no better excuse for their wild financial orgies than such vacuous blarney as "space is the future of man," and it costs them nothing to laugh off a fizzle such as the recent \$20 million Venus fiasco.

The future of man is here on earth. Artificial satellites, bound to us by earth's gravity, can be put to man's use, but let some other nation bankrupt itself playing egg-heads' games in outer space.

FRANK T. COURTNEY

La Jolla, Calif.

Sir:

At long last an engineer breaks through. Your write-up on Holmes will do more to boost the sagging engineering enrollment in our colleges than an equivalent amount of ink devoted to "career" booklets.

C. L. MCCABE

Head of the Department of
Metallurgical Engineering
Carnegie Institute of Technology
Pittsburgh

Alliance Spends

Sir:

I am afraid that the statistics you published [TIME, Aug. 10] on the magnitude of the Alliance for Progress compared with previous U.S. aid efforts may have been somewhat misleading.

There are two relevant sets of figures in measuring aid. The first set is the money actually committed to various projects, i.e., an amount formally promised for the construction of a specific highway, school or any other project. The second set is disbursements, or money which is actually spent on such construction. Since it may take two, three or more years to build a road or a dam, the amount of money disbursed often lags far behind commitments.

However, once the money is committed, the project goes ahead and completion can be counted on. For example, much of the money which you listed as having been spent in 1959 and 1960 was committed in those years and has not yet been spent. Thus, in comparing aid programs it is important to compare commitments with commitments or disbursements with disbursements, and not to mix the two.

Using this standard, it is true that an average of \$50,000,000 per year was committed to Latin America in economic aid in 1959 and 1960. However, \$1,517,300,000 has been committed in the period between the announcement of the Alliance for Progress on March 13, 1961 and June 30, 1962. This represents a rise of over 200% in the rate of assistance under the Alliance.

In addition, more than half of the money committed in 1959 and 1960 was of the so-called "hard loan" variety, repayable in dollars, at interest rates of between 4% and 6%, whereas less than a third of the money committed under the Alliance for Progress was of this variety. The balance was primarily long-term, low-interest loans, which are far better adapted to the construction of roads, schools, waterworks and other vital projects.

In fact, more of this type of development assistance has been given in the 1½ months of the Alliance for Progress than in the previous eight years combined. Although the absolute figures for disbursements in the periods we are discussing would, of course, be much lower, the relative magnitudes are roughly the same.

I would be the last person to state that the success of the Alliance for Progress can be

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measured merely in terms of dollars spent. What is done with the money, the progress of social reform, the completion of economic planning, are all vital to the success of a program which seeks to create rapid economic progress within a framework of increasing social justice. In terms of sheer magnitude this has been an effort which has already far exceeded anything we have ever attempted in this hemisphere.

TEODORO MOSCOSO
U.S. Coordinator

Alliance for Progress
Washington, D.C.

► Taking into account all commitments, disbursements and expenditures, TIME still agrees with Coordinator Moscoso's earlier statement that there is as yet no reason to celebrate the progress of the Alianza.—Ed.

Timeless Shot

Sir: In reading your August 17 issue, I came upon the article on shot glasses that hold less than an ounce. This has been going on for years, as you know. Back in 1851, Herman Melville really laid it on the line. In one of the early chapters of *Moby Dick*, Ishmael drops in at the Spouter-Inn for a shot and observes, "Abominable are the tumblers into which he pours Though true cylinders without—within, the villainous green zogling glasses deceitfully tapered downwards to a cheating bottom. Parallel meridians rudely pecked into the glass, surround these footpads' goblets. Fill to this mark, and your charge is but a penny; to this a penny more; and so on to the full glass—the Cape Horn measure, which you may gulp down for a shilling."

L. CASKIN JR.

New York City

Wrong Numbers

Sir: In your Press Section of Aug. 17, you set USA's circulation at 7,000 instead of 70,000.

FRANK B. GIBNEY
Publisher

Shore
New York City

► The error was caught in most of the press run.—Ed.

Guerrillas from the "Y"

Sir: General Paul D. Adams' "Operation Swift Strike II" [TIME, Aug. 17] proved a bit too realistic to our group of hikers from the Y.M.C.A. Camp Pioneer situated near Hiawasse, Ga. Our fearless leaders will never forget being captured on the top of Brasstown Bald mountain and mistakenly interrogated as Renko guerrillas.

CLAIR FOX WHITE

Atlanta

Glint of Manhood

Sir: Your coverage of the Outward Bound School in Marble, Colo. [TIME, Aug. 3] was both accurate and interesting. My 18-year-old younger brother, sponsored by the Boys' Club of New York, has just returned from the first 26-day session at the outdoor school. He claims that after his experience, beeping up at boot camp would be a picnic; but he praises Outward Bound in the same breath.

It seems that between eating half-raw frogs (on solo survival treks) and sleeping on windswept slopes far above the timberline, he went a long way toward acquiring a glint of manhood in his eyes.

My only complaint about schools like Outward Bound is that there aren't enough of

them to go around for building character and self-reliance.

MIKE BAYBAK

New York City

Summers in Washington

Sir: I found your article on summer work in Washington for potential New Frontier pioneers [TIME, Aug. 17] of great interest. But how did the interested collegians secure their prized positions? Did each of them apply to a particular department or agency independently, or was there some master plan of recruitment?

RICHARD S. SELTZER

International Affairs Association
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia

► The college undergraduates who get the interesting jobs in Washington are mostly from Eastern schools (e.g., Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Mount Holyoke) that have special "intern" programs devoted to placing students with good averages in summer government work. The Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. also run a program that has placed some 53 students from 42 different colleges this year.—Ed.

San Diego Protests

Sir: Your report on San Diego [TIME, Aug. 17] said that last year our aircraft industry took in a bare \$215,000,000 on planes and missiles. We were short by \$651,200,000. The correct figure is \$866,200,000. Worse is your implication that San Diego is a one-industry town and that with the bumps this industry has taken the town is drying up. If all your tin-benders are leaving (and we have reason to doubt this), a great many more are taking their places and then some.

It should interest you to know that in the last two-year period 62 new industrial plants located in San Diego and 240 expanded, creating 17,000 new industrial jobs and \$64 million in annual industrial payrolls.

MILTON F. FILLIUS JR.
President

San Diego Chamber of Commerce
San Diego

► TIME accepts Reader Filius' figures on aircraft industry income as correct, continues to look upon San Diego with friendly concern and considerable hope.—Ed.

Wordsworthy

Sir: Please advise the jobsworth who reviewed "You English Words" [TIME, Aug. 17] that wordwise he's in desperate need of help. "Finalize" means exactly what the author states—to finish. To confirm a tentative decision, as every modern communicator knows, is "to concretize."

RODNEY LARSON

Los Angeles

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

ALL right, fellows, I'm going out there with the troops. What are you going to do to make me feel secure?"

"I hope there won't be any war, but let us be prepared."

"Anybody who believes that the United States of America doesn't have a bright future should have his brain examined."

"I don't admit there is a gap. I'm a little tired of that word. I've heard enough of it."

"I was born a good child. Had I lost both of my parents at the age of three or four, I still might have become a good man."

"I quit running at 95."

"It was just as pleasant as a good restaurant."

Who said which? These quotes, out of this week's TIME, were said (but not in the same order) by Jawaharlal Nehru, Pavel Popovich, Amos Alonzo Stagg, Matthew J. Culligan, Douglas MacArthur, Nicolò Tucci and Dwight Eisenhower. One way to find out is to try to match the quote with the speaker. Another way is to read this week's TIME.

BESIDES four pages in color on the art festival at Spoleto, this issue features four salt-sprayed pages of pictures of the America's Cup challengers. The reporting assignment fell to Lansing Lamont, 32, of our Washington bureau (whose most recent sailing cup dates from the North Haven, Me., midget dinghy series of 1940). Covering Congress and Cape Canaveral and nuclear testing, Lamont is used to avalanches of garrulity, as well as fits of secrecy. But rarely has he had such trouble getting a story as in the waters off Newport. The cup racers and selection committee members are all business, suspicious of outsiders, wary of the press, and usual-



LANSING LAMONT

ly "have a quaint idea that sailing is still for the upper classes."

But Lamont, by one device or another, managed to get to his sources. Having coffee with "Glit" Shields of the *Columbia*, he noticed that Shields had a clarinet with him, was on his way to a teen-age hop to play at intermission. "I asked him if he needed a piano player, and he said 'Great.'" Over some Benny Goodman tunes, Lamont wangled a trip on the *Columbia*. "Glit had me playing the mainsheet like a yo-yo, and what I thought would be a free ride ended up a workout."

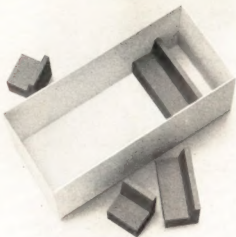
Hardest to get aboard was *Gretel*, the Australian challenger. But Sir Frank Packer finally relented. Her Aussie crew told Lamont that he was the first newsman ever allowed to sail on her, and the cruise Lamont took, in pelting rain and a 25-knot wind, had another distinction: it was the roughest weather *Gretel* had ever sailed in. Lamont had to pay for that passage too: he was ordered to help raise the main by winding in 400 ft. of wire on a portable plywood winch. By week's end, Lamont was happy to be all quiet on the Potomac.

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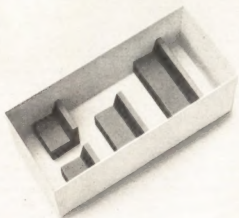
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COVER: PHOTOS BY SOYFOTO, ROUSTE; DRAWING BY R. W. CHAPIN, JR.

Got a lot to carry? Get a box.



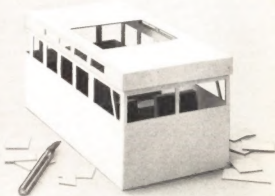
Now add a few seats. Say 8.



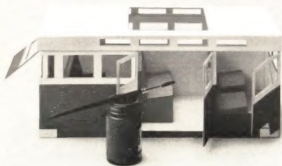
Make an aisle so you can walk to the back.



Cut a hole in the roof to let the sun in.



Windows? At least 23. Doors? 5 should do.



Paint it up and what have you got?



The whole idea behind the Volkswagen Station Wagon.

THE NATION

SPACE

The High Ground

Since men first started slinging stones at one another, the most tried and true of all military maxims has been: take the high ground. Today, that high ground exists even beyond the earth's atmosphere. Last week, as Russian Cosmonauts Popovich and Nikolayev sang patriotic songs while whirling about in outer space (*see* WORLD), they provided new evidence that the Soviet Union is deadly serious about seizing control of the new high ground.

American reaction to the Soviet spectacular ranged from grudging admiration to scoffing irrelevance. President Kennedy congratulated the Russians for their fine "technical feat." NASA Director James Webb insisted that Americans would still be the first men on the moon. Dwight Eisenhower, who recently deplored "the mad effort to win a stunt race" to the moon, seemed removed from the troubling reality: "I don't admit there is a [space] gap. I'm a little tired of that word. I've heard enough of it."

A Different Feeling. But much more will be heard. The official U.S. position is that the benefit of space exploration will come from extending man's scientific frontiers; despite the advice of the nation's military leaders, the Government's top civilian officials have been denying that space travel has any realistic military application. Obviously, the Russians feel differently. While they are eager to make use of all the scientific and propaganda by-products of their space exploits, they leave no doubt about their military hopes. Thus, last week, Soviet Defense Minister Rodion Malinovsky crowed: "Let our enemies know what techniques and what soldiers our Soviet power disposes of."

Beyond question, President Kennedy has taken a much more serious view of the space competition than did President Eisenhower. In his May 1961 speech to Congress, the President committed the U.S. to the moon race, added \$500 million to NASA's budget for that purpose. In the current fiscal year, total space expenditures will run to about \$5.5 billion. For advanced man-in-space projects, Kennedy has boosted funding from \$6,000,000 in 1961 to \$863 million in 1963.

A New Definition. Despite increased commitment, it is still the unhappy truth that the Saturn C-1 booster—the U.S.'s answer to Russia's big rocket—is still in its test stages. And it is all too symbolic

of an American attitude that even last week, while Popovich and Nikolayev were holding the high ground, a handful of striking electricians at the Huntsville, Ala., Space Center stopped Saturn construction dead.

The U.S. space program has been described by Government officials as a "maximum orderly effort." If it is, then maximum needs a new definition. The space program could certainly use more money. But much more important, it requires a new direction of purpose. Scientific advancement is fine; so is the international prestige that comes with space achievement. But only at its peril can the U.S. forget that old maxim about the high ground.

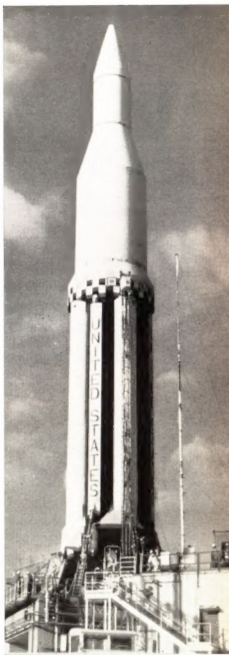
THE PRESIDENCY

Happy to Be There

President Kennedy looked across the flat land toward the Missouri River, its waters imprisoned behind the world's largest rolled earth dam (Oahe: 242 ft. high, 9,300 ft. long). Behind the river rose the brown buttes of South Dakota's cattle country. The President opened his speech to some 9,000 persons with a deeply heartfelt cliché: "I want to express my great pleasure and tell you what a privilege it is to leave Washington these days and come out here."

Kennedy had every reason to enjoy being away from Washington: the Democratic Congress was still giving him fits, and the U.S. space lag was apparent. Thus it was a relief for Kennedy to take off on what White House staffers, with straight faces, called a "nonpolitical" weekend trip. In speeches in South Dakota, Colorado and California, he stuck mainly to bipartisan subjects of interest in the West: conservation and reclamation, water and power, floods and dams. But he well knew that for a politician there is no such thing as a nonpolitical handshake—and that the folks beaming up at him would suffer no amnesia on election day.

Powerhouse Performance. In small Pierre, S. Dak. (pop. 10,500), Kennedy paid his respects to welcoming officials—then broke for the airport fence to shake at least 200 hands among some 2,500 people pressing to see him. He was in South Dakota, ostensibly, to help dedicate a new 595,000-kw. Oahe Dam powerhouse. But the real reason for his presence was right at Kennedy's elbow: Democrat George McGovern, South Dakota Congressman



U.S.'s SATURN ROCKET
Still not ready.

from 1957 to 1961. Kennedy's Food for Peace director until last month, now a candidate for the U.S. Senate, McGovern, running neck and neck with Republican Incumbent Joe Henry Bottum (who is filling the vacancy created by the death of Republican Francis Case), greeted Kennedy at the airport, rode beside him in an open convertible to the dam, sat on the speech platform.

On the presidential plane, as Kennedy flew into Pueblo, Colo., for a speech about a \$170 million project to divert water from the Fryingpan and Roaring Fork rivers on the western slopes of the Rockies into the Arkansas River valley on the east, was Colorado's Democratic Senator John Carroll. A loyal Kennedy backer in Congress, Carroll faces a stiff re-election challenge this year from Republican Representative Peter Dominick. It was Carroll who introduced Kennedy to some

THE ECONOMY

Politics v. Policy

President Kennedy decided weeks ago that a quick tax cut was needed to pep up the sluggish U.S. economy. Most of his economists, including Walter Heller, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, urged him to call for a cut. Yet last week, when he appeared on national television to explain his policy, Kennedy came out not with a tax-cut proposal, but rather with a statement that emergency tax legislation "could not now be either justified or enacted."

What odd thing had happened on the way to the TV cameras? The fact was that President Kennedy had run into some rusty political detours. It had become increasingly evident that he could not get Congress to approve a quick tax cut; among those opposing any such move

where we have been more or less standing still economically . . . When I came into office in January 1961, this country was in a recession. We have made a recovery from that recession."

Near Kennedy was an easel of charts, prepared to illustrate how the economy has perked up during his Administration. Pointing to them, he explained that since the beginning of 1961 the gross national product has gone up 10%, industrial production 16%, wages and salaries 10%, disposable personal income 8% and pre-tax corporate profits 26%, while unemployment has gone down 23%. "So this is the story of our economic recovery. The pace thus far this summer, while not as good as all of us would like, has still brought further gains. Economic indicators which have been reported to me for July do not warrant the conclusion that we are entering a new recession."

The President's statistics overstated—by a considerable margin—the extent of recovery from the 1960-61 recession. The 26% gain in profits, for example, looked very impressive on the chart, but it was measured from a valley in early 1961, when corporate profits dipped to the lowest level since 1958. All the 26% increase did was bring profits up to about the level of the second quarter of 1959.

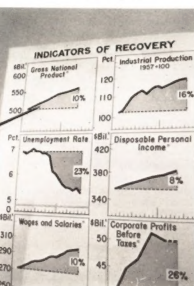
Instead of cutting taxes now, the President called upon Congress to enact a batch of New Frontier bills—including aid for state and local public works, supplementary unemployment compensation, youth jobs and job training, aid for school construction. He praised the results of several programs already enacted during his Administration, such as area redevelopment, the food-stamp program and federal aid for special housing for the aged. He said that 400,000 persons "are now receiving retraining so that they can find new work in new industries"—a claim that prompted New York's Republican Representative Charles E. Goodell, co-author of the retraining measure, to note that funds for the new program are only now becoming available, and that Kennedy's 400,000 figure was therefore grossly inflated. "As of now," said Goodell, "the number being retrained is exactly zero."

Involving the Name. Recalling the "dark days" when Franklin Delano Roosevelt first took office, Democrat Kennedy warned to his political message, striking out at all those who oppose his programs "as they opposed moves in other days . . . much as they opposed social security, much as they opposed a minimum wage, much as they opposed a ban on child labor and, more recently in the Senate, medical care for the elderly." Said Kennedy: "This country would still be in the dark ages economically if we permitted the opponents of progress and defenders of special privileges and interests to veto every forward move."

Having invoked politics past, Kennedy turned to politics future with a firm promise to achieve wide-ranging tax reform next year. The present tax system, he said, "is a drag on economic recovery and economic growth." Tax rates are "so high as to weaken the very essence of the



PRESIDENT KENNEDY & HIS TAX SPEECH CHARTS
Some rusty detours along the way.



8,000 cheering spectators in the Pueblo High School Stadium.

Sharing the Plunger. The most conspicuous greeter, as Kennedy arrived at California's Castle Air Force Base, was Democratic Governor Pat Brown, who needs all the help he can get from all the Kennedys he can lure West in his re-election fight against Richard Nixon. After an overnight stay in Yosemite National Park, the President ignited explosives to break ground for a dam and reservoir in the \$500 million San Luis water project in the San Joaquin Valley—a vital link in Brown's plan to meet the multiplying water needs of Southern California.

Brown sat beside Kennedy during the ceremonies, made a speech of his own, shared a twin plunger with the President to set off the dynamite and send red, green and purple smoke over the valley. Said Kennedy in his speech: "I believe all Californians will long remember the water leadership of Pat Brown." Greater tribute no politician could hope for.

were both Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, and Harry Byrd, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. And early in August a Gallup poll reported that 75% of the voters opposed immediate tax reduction if it meant that the Government would go deeper into debt. At that point Kennedy found himself in the position of a business executive who 1) drafts a memo arguing that his company should open additional sales offices, 2) overhears his boss say he wants to cut costs, 3) tears up the memo, and 4) drafts a memo arguing that the company should shut down some of its sales offices.

Placing the Blame. The result was the Kennedy speech, spiritlessly delivered and political in its every nuance. Implicit throughout was an attempt to blame the present mushy economy on the Republican Eisenhower Administration. "The fact of the matter is that the economy in January of last year was sick," said Kennedy. "We have had a five-year period

progress of a free society . . . the incentive of additional return for additional effort." Accordingly, he pledged, in 1963 the Administration will propose a "permanent basic reform and reduction in our rate structure, a creative tax cut creating more jobs and income and eventually more revenue . . . It will include an across-the-board, top-to-bottom cut in both corporate and personal income taxes. It will include long-needed tax reform that logic and equity demand, and it will date that cut in taxes to take effect as of the start of next year.

That commitment sounded good with elections approaching, but promising was easier than delivering. Almost everyone now agrees that tax reform is desperately needed; but almost everyone has different ideas about the specifics of that reform. At the very least, any meaningful reform must be shaped by economic fact, not partisan politics. And for all President Kennedy's talk about tax reform, his Administration has yet to get beyond the talking stage in working out a specific program.

THE CONGRESS

Silence in the Senate

Vice President Lyndon Johnson grasped the worn ivory ball that serves him as a gavel, rapped smartly, and declared "Two-thirds of the Senators present and voting having voted in the affirmative, the sense of the Senate is that debate shall be brought to a close."

That was the announcement of a historic action: the U.S. Senate, which prides itself as the earth's last bastion of unlimited debate, had just imposed cloture on a small band of filibustering liberal Democrats. For seven days the filibusters had tied up the Senate by fighting an Administration bill that would turn over communications satellites to a corporation owned half by the public and half by private companies. Led by Oregon's splenetic Wayne Morse, they charged that the measure was a "giveaway" by Government, principally to the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. Ironically, the liberals used the same tactics for which they had long denounced Southern Senators fighting civil rights legislation.



"OPERATOR, I'VE BEEN CUT OFF!"



HAPPY SENATORS AFTER THE CLOTURE VOTE*
Since the shrimp were not whistling, some of the boys stayed away.

Back to Caesar. The cloture vote came hard to Senators fond of tracing the history of the legislative filibuster back to ancient Rome, where an eloquent praetor named Julius Caesar tried (unsuccessfully) to talk to death a measure ordering the execution of Catiline's co-conspirators. Until 1917 the U.S. Senate did not have a clear-cut rule to limit debate. That year eleven Senators filibustered against President Woodrow Wilson's proposal to arm merchant ships, precipitating a famed presidential denunciation: "A little group of willful men, representing no opinion but their own, have rendered the great Government of the United States helpless and contemptible." Under Wilson's angry urging, the Senate adopted Rule XXII, which provided that cloture could be invoked by two-thirds of the Senators present and voting.

Still the Senators droned on and on. Eleven times cloture votes have been taken against Southerners filibustering against civil rights; eleven times the votes have failed. Until last week, cloture had not been imposed since 1927, when Drys gagged a filibuster by Wets against a bill to beef up Prohibition enforcement.

Just Stay Away. Last week's pro-cloture forces were headed by Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, Nearing the end of a frustrating Senate session, and smarting under charges that his mild-mannered methods were at fault, Mansfield finally began to act like a Senate leader. White House aides were ready to get into the fight, but Mansfield, fearing that they would only irritate the Senators, asked them to stay clear. Then, with the help of Oklahoma's Robert Kerr, Mansfield went to work.

His problem was plain to see. The key to imposing cloture lay with Southern Senators—most of them dead set against the filibustering liberals but, by tradition and principle, violently opposed to cloture. First, Mansfield tried to persuade

Georgia's Richard Russell to vote for cloture. Said Russell: "I'll vote to gag the Senate when shrimps start to whistle Dixie." In the vote, Russell cast a resounding "no." But significantly, he did not try to influence his Southern Senate followers.

That gave Mansfield his opening. If he could not talk the Southerners into voting for cloture, he could at least persuade them not to vote at all. Mansfield scheduled the vote for a day when a few anti-cloture Senators had good excuses to be away from Washington—Arkansas' William Fulbright found that he had a speaking engagement in New York, Nevada's Alan Bible and Arizona's Carl Hayden were on business trips home. At voting time, Virginians Harry Byrd and Willis Robertson, North Carolina's B. Everett Jordan and Arkansas' John McClellan simply stayed away. Explained McClellan later: "I would never vote for cloture, but I wasn't going to help those people [the Morse band]." Similarly, such anti-cloture Senators as West Virginia's Robert Byrd, Nevada's Howard Cannon and North Carolina's Sam Ervin delayed their appearance, recorded their no votes only after cloture was assured.

From Across the Aisle. Of vital aid to Mansfield was Republican Leader Everett Dirksen, who enjoyed the opportunity of bringing the G.O.P. to the rescue of a Democratic leadership so beset by Democratic dissidence. Dirksen worked tirelessly at rounding up Republican votes for cloture. Said he to his colleagues: "This is personal. I have to have your votes. The prestige of the Senate is at stake. Thirty-four Republicans ended up voting for cloture. Only two—Texas' John Tower and Arizona's Barry Goldwater—voted against. And Goldwater, waiting in the

* Oklahoma's Kerr, Illinois' Dirksen, Rhode Island's John Pastore (floor manager for the satellite bill), Montana's Mansfield, Alabama's Sparkman.

Republican cloakroom, did not appear to naysay until Dirksen sent him word that his vote would make no difference.

To see the showdown, spectators filled the galleries, and some 100 senatorial aides lined the walls of the chamber. Mike Mansfield, his soft voice now rough with anger, set forth a final plea that was made more compelling by the fact that Morse & Co. were holding up the satellite bill even while two Russian cosmonauts were swirling about in space. "Will the Senate continue to dawdle?" asked Mansfield. "To decide for cloture is to decide honorably and reasonably to settle this issue one way or another and get on with the

complicated effects. In their unceasing efforts to achieve civil rights legislation, some have made it a cardinal point to ease the cloture rule. They have insisted that the rule, by its requirements, amounts to a prohibition against cloture. Last week they were proved wrong, and the significance was happily explained by Virginia's Harry Byrd. Said he: "We can point to this vote as proof that no rule change is needed—that the Senate can invoke cloture under the present rule any time it really is of a mind to."

As for the satellite bill itself, it was approved by the Senate at week's end by a walloping vote of 66 to 11.



CHAIRMAN SYMINGTON & WITNESS HUMPHREY

"Did you say what the paper says you said?" Yes, I did."

business of the Senate. The Senate owes the country a decision."

The cloture motion won by 63 to 27—just three votes more than the required two-thirds of those voting. But silence, even when ordered by a lopsided majority of his peers, did not come easily to Wayne Morse, who promptly arose to cry: "A few minutes ago the Senate cast an historic vote. It will rise to plague the Senate for decades."

Victory for None. In that judgment at least, Morse was probably right. For in long-term Senate patterns, last week's cloture vote was a victory for no one; Southern Democrats probably lost the least, Morse's liberals the most. The principle of unlimited debate, so dear to the South, had been denied (but the Southerners were still so delighted at knocking over the Morse group that Alabama's John Sparkman, who voted against cloture, posed grinningly for victory pictures with pro-cloture leaders). Republicans laid themselves open to the charge that they will support cloture on an issue involving business, but not on one involving civil rights. The Morse liberals suffered more

turned to the company as honorary chairman upon leaving Washington.

Good Deal. The complex details of the disputed Hanna contracts seemed hardly the stuff for sensation. In 1952, with the Korean war dragging on, the U.S. Government needed great quantities of nickel for war production, especially for jet aircraft. At that time, the U.S. produced no nickel at all; the entire supply was imported, largely from Canada. But Hanna owned an idle nickel mine in Oregon, and the Truman Administration began negotiating with the company to open the mine for production. On Jan. 16, 1953, just four days before the Eisenhower Administration took over, the Government and the Hanna Co. signed their contracts.

Those contracts undeniably added up to a good thing for Hanna. The Government agreed to buy Hanna's nickel ore at \$6 per ton; it also agreed to advance the entire cost, some \$22 million, of building a smelter to refine the ore. Although profit figures are in dispute, by George Humphrey's own reckoning they came to at least \$7,500,000—roughly double Hanna's investment in the nickel operation. Moreover, under the terms of the contracts, Hanna last year took over ownership of the smelter for a mere \$1,700,000. But the deal worked out pretty well for the Government too. As Humphrey pointed out last week, when the contracts expire in 1965, the U.S. will have accumulated an inventory of 94.7 million lbs. of Hanna nickel at a total net cost of \$67.2 million. That works out to 71¢ per lb. against a current market price of about 75¢.

"Small Potatoes." It was to defend himself and his company against the charges of profiteering that George Humphrey last week appeared before Symington's subcommittee. Bland and imperturbable, he was just the sort of witness to enrage emotional Stuart Symington. With a confident smile, Humphrey dismissed the charges of exorbitant profits as "bunk" and "baloney." Right to their faces, Humphrey told South Carolina's Senator Strom Thurmond that he was "confused" and California's Clair Engle that he was "mixed up." To a big company like Hanna (total assets: \$450 million), he said, the smelter deal was "small potatoes"; for that matter, the nickel contracts were the "tag end of our business." He had, he said, been too busy with more important Hanna interests to pay much attention to the nickel contracts while they were being negotiated. Actually, he argued, the nickel deal was very simple, and he could not understand why it was unclear to the Senators. "You can put the whole thing down on the back of an envelope," said Humphrey.

Throughout the first day of Humphrey's appearance, Symington held on to his temper. But offstage, Humphrey told a *Christian Science Monitor* reporter that "they don't dare attack Ike direct so they are attacking me. This is a stab in the back." Now if there is any way to infuriate a politician, it is to accuse him of playing politics—and when he heard of Humphrey's remark, Symington blew up.

INVESTIGATIONS

"Bunk! Baloney!"

The two men are of strong—and bitterly opposing—views. Missouri's Senator Stuart Symington is a millionaire businessman (Emerson Electric) turned liberal Democratic politician. Ohio's George Mafolfin Humphrey is a millionaire businessman who served from 1953 to 1957 as Dwight Eisenhower's rock-solid conservative Treasury Secretary. Last week Symington and Humphrey faced each other at a Senate Armed Services Subcommittee hearing—and the result was an explosion of wrath and recrimination.

Under Symington's chairmanship, the subcommittee for months had been investigating the Government's stockpiling program under the Eisenhower Administration. Symington has enthusiastically built up charges that Cleveland's giant M. A. Hanna Co. made unconscionable profits out of a stockpiling deal. George Humphrey was Hanna's board chairman before entering the Eisenhower Cabinet; he held onto his thick portfolio of Hanna stock while in public office, and he re-

"You Don't Dare!" When the subcommittee met next morning, Chairman Symington was still flushed with anger. He read off a prepared statement denouncing the nickel contracts and Humphrey's testimony about them. He quoted Humphrey's crack to the *Monitor* reporter, "Our reply to that," said Symington, "is we do not intend to let Mr. Humphrey hide behind former President Eisenhower. The American people will decide who stabled whom in the back. In any case the chairman of this subcommittee does not intend to have any witness, regardless of his previous position, impugn the motives of the Senate by such a remark. This hearing is adjourned subject to the call of the chair."

At that, the roof went off. Two Republican subcommittee members, Connecticut's Prescott Bush and Maryland's J. Glenn Beall, protested Symington's statement and got into a heated row with him. Bush demanded a subcommittee vote on adjournment; Symington insisted firmly that he had a right to adjourn the subcommittee on his own. George Humphrey tried to get in a word: "Mr. Chairman . . . Symington's reply dripped with sarcasm: "'Senator' Humphrey would like to say something."

Humphrey: Before you adjourn this, and I am very complimented at being called Senator Humphrey, but that is not the fact . . .

Symington (breaking in): Didn't you say—as long as you want to testify—I did you say what the paper says you said?

Humphrey (bluntly): Yes, I did.

Symington: You made a bitter and in my opinion a direct impugning of the motives of the U.S. Senate and this subcommittee, and therefore I do not intend to hear any testimony from you this morning.

Humphrey (aghast): You cannot stop me from making a statement and adjourn this! You don't dare!

Symington (banging his gavel): This hearing is adjourned! Don't ever tell me as a United States Senator and chairman of the committee what I dare or dare not do!

Whereupon the flustered Symington stood up and rushed from the hearing room. That evening, he entered a Washington hospital for a previously scheduled hernia operation. He will be out of action for at least three weeks, and so will be the subcommittee. But it is safe to predict that the U.S. has not heard the last of the conflict between George Humphrey and Stuart Symington.

LABOR

Who's a Liar?

It was a grand night for George Meany, president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. On his 68th birthday most of the boys on the 29-man Executive Council, winding up a four-day meeting in Chicago, were throwing him a party. They all sang *Happy Birthday*, and nobody joined in more lustily than the Automobile Workers' Walter Reuther. Indeed, Meany and Reuther seemed as ebulliently



LABOR'S MEANY
"You're threatening me."

friendly as if they had just signed up management for a 35-hour coffee break. But the fact was that Meany and Reuther, who hate each other's insides had just gone through a name-calling session that symbolized the continuing and deeply rooted conflict between the merged A.F.L. and C.I.O.

The clash came in Meany's room at the Sheraton-Chicago Hotel. Reuther had requested the meeting, and at 4 p.m. he showed up in the company of Dave Dubinsky of the ladies' garment workers' union and Al Hayes of the machinists'. Purpose of the meeting: to discuss why Meany still refused to seat Ralph Helstein, president of the C.I.O.'s packing-house workers' union, on the A.F.L.-C.I.O.



LABOR'S REUTHER
No, I'm not.

Executive Council. Helstein was the unanimous choice of the C.I.O.'s leaders to fill the seat vacated several months ago by a retiring C.I.O. man. But Meany had vetoed the choice, arguing that Helstein's union had in years past been tinged with Communist membership.

Now, in Meany's room, the argument continued. It went, according to the ear-witnesses, something like this:

Meany: Find someone other than Helstein to name to the council.

Reuther: You have no right to veto the choice of the C.I.O. group. The Communist allegations about Helstein's union were cleared up long ago. Besides, you permit Maurice Hucheson [president of the A.F.L.'s carpenters' union] to sit on the council even though he has been convicted of contempt of Congress.

Meany: You deliberately picked Helstein to embarrass me and put me on the spot.

Reuther: I did not. Helstein's selection was made freely and openly.

Meany: I don't believe you.

Reuther: Are you calling me a liar?

Meany: I think you're deliberately lying.

Reuther: Now George, We've differed in the past, but if we are to work together we've got to respect each other's integrity.

Meany: You're threatening me, Walter. You're threatening to resign.

Reuther: No, I'm not; I don't intend to resign, but we've got to come to an understanding.

At this point, Dave Dubinsky piped in with the suggestion that the two gladiators hold off and let their differences simmer until the next council meeting, scheduled for Washington in November. Thus the question of Helstein's nomination and Meany's veto was left riding. To newsmen next day Meany called reports of the argument "unscientific fiction. . . . I don't think I ever called Reuther a liar. There are times that you say to a person that you think a statement they have made is not correct . . ."

POLITICS

Integrity Pitch

Next only to the match that General Sherman lit on their premises, many Georgians regard the 1955-59 administration of Governor Marvin Griffin as the worst disaster ever to hit the state. In the words of a grand jury, the state government under Griffin was characterized by the "perfidious conduct of state officials heretofore inconceivable to the minds of citizens." Nearly two dozen people were charged with almost everything except stealing the roof off the Statehouse; among the convicted were a former member of the state board of corrections, a former state park director, and a former assistant state purchasing agent. Though one educated estimate placed the cost of corruption at \$30 million, Griffin's comment was simply: "Nuts. Just plain nuts."

In the ordinary course of events, it would have seemed that Griffin was through in politics. No such thing. Last



GEORGIA'S GRIFFIN
A record to run from.

week Democrat Griffin was running again for Governor—and was given a good chance of winning.

Peeshooter. Griffin's opposition in the September 12 Democratic primary (the only kind that counts in Georgia) is not much. Of his four rivals, one is a woman who claims, "I don't know why Georgia couldn't have a woman Governor. Europe has had its queens." Another is a Bible-quoting farmer-brickmason whose platform is prayer, but who doesn't have one in this contest. Only Carl Sanders, 37, a good-looking state senator, seems to have a chance against Griffin. Sanders has the backing of a host of anti-Griffinites, including Georgia's key newspapers (the "Atlanta integrationist press," as Griffin calls it). Sanders also figures to benefit by the fact that Georgia's county-unit voting system has at last been overturned by the courts. In years past, state elections in Georgia were decided not on popular votes but on a complex system whereby each county was permitted so many unit votes in the ballot box. Invariably, this gave the rural counties a hugely disproportionate balance of power against the populous areas; Griffin himself, for example, was elected in 1953 on only 36% of the popular vote.

Countering this, Griffin is capitalizing on Georgia's rising racial tensions. He has threatened to put the Rev. Martin Luther King so far back in jail that "they'll have to shoot peas to feed him." To cheers of approval, Griffin castigates "superliberals and one-worlders" who threaten to "trample" Georgia. He praises "our sister states in the South" for their refusal to throw in "the towel of surrender" by integrating their schools, paints a lurid picture of integration in Washington, where "it was necessary to station policemen in the halls and corridors of their public schools, and even this action did not prevent rape, beatings and muggings." Although Sanders

himself is a segregationist, Griffin calls him "a puppet and an amanuensis and a handmaiden of Martin Luther King."

Admiration in Limbo. All this has gone over so well that Griffin has gone on to declare for general piety in state government. Says he: "We are going to put honesty, integrity and morality in the government of Georgia. You can depend upon it that I shall appoint to public office men of unquestioned honesty and integrity . . . I made some mistakes in my appointments before, but I will not make the same mistakes the second time. Truman had his Harry Vaughan, Eisenhower had his Sherman Adams and Bernard Goldfine, Kennedy has his Billie Sol Estes, and I had some myself . . ."

Surveying this new integrity pitch, the *Macon News* concluded in an editorial, "The miracle is that everyone who remembers the Griffin administration's shenanigans didn't fall right down laughing . . . In some far-off limbo where old politicians go when they die, Jim Curley, the ex-mayor of Boston who was once elected while serving a jail sentence, must have nodded his head in admiration at the colossal gall of Marvin Griffin."

The Teddy Issue

Many doctrinaire liberal Democrats do not quite approve of President Kennedy's brand of pragmatic liberalism, but they have little political choice but to back Jack—and, for that matter, Brother Bobby. When it comes to the Massachusetts Senate candidacy of young Brother Teddy, however, they seize with a vengeance upon the opportunity to dissent.

It was in this spirit that the National Committee for an Effective Congress (among its better-known leaders are Historian Arthur M. Schlesinger, father of White House Staffer Arthur Jr., Poet Archibald MacLeish, Harvard Law Professor Mark De Wolfe Howe, Political Scientist Hans Morgenthau) last week issued an unusual public report that amounted to a devastating blast against Teddy and an audible tut-tut at his big brother.

"Teddy's undistinguished academic career has not been followed by a record of serious personal accomplishment. He was his brother's pre- and post-convention manager for the Rocky Mountain and Western states—the great majority of which the President did not carry in 1960. He has made a few trips to foreign lands, including the usual political Three-I circuit: Ireland, Italy and Israel. And he went through the motions of serving for a few months in an appointive job as one of a score of assistant district attorneys in Boston.

"The fact that Teddy's candidacy involves exploitation of the reputation of the President is arousing widespread resentment. Virtually everyone in public life has been approached by friends who are deeply troubled by the implications of nepotism and disregard of precedent in this candidacy. Their loss of respect for a President can have profoundly damaging effect upon his ability to lead the

country. Congressmen feel that a President must have the moral authority to come to them and ask them, at least by implication, to set aside their personal interests in the national interest. Mr. Kennedy's toleration of a brother basing his candidacy on the claim that 'if you send me to Washington, my voice will be heard' is weakening his ability to make Congressmen responsive to such an appeal.

"Teddy's candidacy is an affront to the Senate. The members like to regard the Senate as an institution of some distinction—and membership in it as an honor earned through some measure of achievement and service. They do not like the spectacle of the President of the U.S., acting as though he considers them meaningless. Democrats running in marginal districts or states have indicated fear of what the Republicans will do with the Teddy issue, capping the picture of the President's other relatives and friends swarming around official Washington. Candidates who feel threatened by this are a bit sardonic at presidential expressions of concern for their elections. The President cannot disclaim responsibility for his brother's candidacy."

CRIME

Against the Trend

Late one night, off McPherson Avenue in St. Louis, a man with sports shirttails at half-mast, strolled casually through a dark alley. He was a perfect target for a mugger. A tall hoodlum with a heavy club appeared, and with one whack, sent the man reeling. As the victim struggled to his knees, the assailant swung back to strike again, stopped when he saw the fallen man draw a revolver. "I'm a policeman!" cried the victim. "Drop that club!" The mugger stared for a moment in aston-



POLICE DIRECTOR PRIEST

ART FILLMORE

ishment, then turned and ran. The cop, Otto Hirsch, fired once into the air, shot again and nicked him in the side. In a few moments, Hirsch and fellow members of St. Louis' crack decoy squad had rounded up the mugger and three cronies.

Cutting the Rate. In 15 months, judo-trained St. Louis cops, disguised as derelicts, lurching drunkenly through the streets of the city—sometimes accompanied by policewomen in frumpy wigs and bedraggled dresses—have made nearly 300 arrests by luring hoodlums to attack. In high-crime districts, a 61-man mobile reserve patrols constantly, reporting daily to the city's police crime-analysis staff at headquarters. The staff studies the reports for patterns and trends, can sometimes predict crimes before they happen. Last year the analysts back at headquarters sifted information about three armed robbers, made an educated guess as to where the trio would strike next. Sure enough, the men were picked up right where the analysts said they would be. The cops also use dogs to help them track down criminals; one German shepherd, specially trained to sniff out narcotics, recently led officers to a cache of marijuana hidden in a meat freezer beneath ten pounds of frankfurters. The techniques are unusual—and so are the results: last year the average crime rate in U.S. cities with a population of more than 25,000 rose 2%; in St. Louis, however, it dropped a surprising 11.0%.

Behind this startling success is a wary, hard-driving civilian named H. Sam Priest, who is president of the city's police board. Though his job is only part time (and pays only \$1,000 a year), Priest, 56, spends almost half of a seven-day work week on police matters, devotes the rest of his time to his other job as president of the Automobile Club of Missouri. His successful innovations in St. Louis go far beyond the decoy squad system and crime prediction. When he first served on the police board from 1946 to

1949, he reorganized record keeping with an eventual saving to the city of \$100,000 a year in clerical salaries. Today every telephone call to police headquarters is tape-recorded, every crime is punched onto cards and classified by date, time and location.

Reducing the Force. Since he went back to the police board five years ago, Priest has brought in top consultants, such as famed Criminology Professor (University of California at Berkeley) Orlando W. Wilson, now Chicago's police superintendent (TIME, March 7, 1960). Today, Priest gets advice from the privately supported Governmental Research Institute in St. Louis and from Washington University Psychologist Philip DuBois. He has raised police morale and efficiency with higher salaries and by instituting informal skull sessions for district commanders and their men.

St. Louis' achievements in law enforcement rebut the perennial argument of many politicians who claim that better policing can only be gotten by enlarging the forces. There are, in fact, 110 fewer cops in St. Louis than there were when Priest took over.

HEROES

"At the Beginning"

The audience broke into spontaneous applause as the old man, still carrying himself with military grace, walked down the steps of the Capitol to the waiting microphones. The last time General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, 82, visited Capitol Hill was in 1951, during the angry aftermath of President Harry Truman's decision to fire him as commander in Korea. But last week the atmosphere was as warm as the noonday August sun, as Congress honored the soldier whose career spanned 32 years and three wars.

Extolling the general, House Speaker John McCormack, read off a list of his great battles that reverberated like an



GENERAL MACARTHUR
A drum roll from history.

army drum roll: "The Marne, Meuse-Argonne, St.-Mihiel and Sedan; Bataan, Corregidor, New Guinea, Leyte, Lingayen Gulf, Manila and Borneo, Pusan and Inchon." Then McCormack presented MacArthur with an engraved copy of a special resolution, passed unanimously by both Houses of Congress, that expressed the "thanks and appreciation of the Congress and the American people" for his leadership "during and following World War II," and for his many years of effort to strengthen the ties between the Philippines and the U.S.

His hands trembling slightly, MacArthur replied in his deep tones: "I cannot tell you how greatly embarrassed I am at the compliments that have been showered upon me today. I am grateful that the American Congress, after a lapse of sufficient time to be swayed neither by sentiment nor emotion, has rendered an opinion of my services that I feel does me too much honor. I am grateful to the American men-at-arms who were my comrades. A general is just as good or just as bad as the troops under his command make him. Mine were great! Something of the luster of this citation glows on each one's shoulders."

During his brief visit to Washington, MacArthur also stopped off at the White House for a private talk with President Kennedy. When he emerged, MacArthur told newsmen: "The President and I discussed the world situation and reminisced about our old comradeship in the Pacific war." Someone wanted to know if he was optimistic or pessimistic about world affairs. "I am completely optimistic," the general replied. "Anybody who believes that the United States of America doesn't have a bright future should have his brain examined. We are at the beginning, not at the end."



ST. LOUIS DECOYS AT WORK
The muggers get canned.

THE WORLD



COSMONAUTS WITH GREETERS KHRUSHCHEV & MIKOYAN
It was more comfortable in space.

RUSSIA

The Heavenly Twins

(See Cover)

Grey skies hung over Moscow, but the mood of the Soviet capital was far from somber. Patriotic marches blared from public loudspeakers, and hundreds of thousands of people milled about in streets festooned with flowers, banners and miniature rocket models. An Ilyushin turbo-prop airliner, escorted by seven MIG jet fighters, swooped low over the city and dipped its wings. Moments later, at Vnukovo Airport on the outskirts of Moscow, the plane came to a stop before a 100-ft.-long red carpet stretched over the runway. Out stepped Russia's two newest cosmonauts, Major Andrian Nikolayev, 32, and Lieut. Colonel Pavel Popovich, 31. Their arrival triggered a riotous celebration in honor of another Soviet space first: the dual-manned orbit that proved the possibility of teamwork in space.

Seldom had Moscow witnessed such a display of public affection. An exultant Nikita Khrushchev kissed both spacemen smack on the lips, followed in turn by Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan and other members of the Presidium, as well as Russia's two previous cosmonauts, Major Yuri Gagarin and Major Gherman Titov. As young women pelted them with flowers, the "Heavenly Twins," as the Soviet press dubbed the cosmonauts, then hugged and embraced their families. The band of the Moscow garrison played the Soviet national anthem, punctuated by a 21-gun salute. On the 20-mile trip from the airport to Red Square, Nikolayev and Popovich stood in a flower-covered Zil convertible and waved bouquets at the crowds that lined the route.

At the public reception atop Lenin's

Tomb in Red Square, six-year-old pigtailed Natasha Popovich stood at her father's side and happily waved at the 80,000 people jammed in the square below. Then it was time for speeches; sure enough, the Russians could not resist the chance to turn space prowess into political profit. "The group flight in outer space is one more vivid proof of the superiority of socialism over capitalism," said Nikolayev, or "Falcon," as he called himself during his globe-circling orbits. Added Popovich, whose orbital name was "Golden Eagle": "Across the ocean, the enemies of peace are fanning war hysteria and striving to turn the expanses of space into an atomic testing ground."

Later, at the private ceremony in the



IZVESTIA'S FRONT PAGE
Including cosmic liberties.

Kremlin's St. George's Hall, the guests of honor walked into the reception room in a procession to receive Russia's highest decoration—Hero of the Soviet Union.

As the cheering echoed from Moscow, the world was assessing what the space duet meant in terms of positive scientific achievement, the cold war, and the race to the moon. Though there was no evidence of a basic new technological breakthrough, the dual orbiting of manned space capsules was a long step toward space rendezvous—the major way station on the road to the moon. Of more immediate concern to U.S. military leaders was the clear suggestion that manned Russian space capsules might soon be capable of observing, intercepting, and possibly even destroying U.S. scientific and military satellites whirling around in space. Moreover, Russia had gained precious information on man's ability to survive the physical hazards of the great unknown of space, and had reaped, at least for the moment, a substantial propaganda advantage by showing its heels to the U.S. space program.

On Wings of Song. When Moscow Radio reported that Nikolayev had blasted off from the Baikonur cosmodrome in Central Asia, scientists in the West could only wonder what the Russians were up to this time. No Russian cosmonaut had been sent into space in the year and five days since Gherman Titov's 17-orbit flight; surely, Russia had not waited all that time merely to duplicate Titov's feat. Unsure of just what the Russians were planning, the West watched and waited.

The answer came Sunday morning, 23 hours and 32 minutes after Nikolayev's launching, with the news that *Vostok IV* was in orbit. The Soviet announcement said that the purpose of the mission was to check "contact" between spacecraft in similar orbits and to gain new knowledge on the effects of sustained weightlessness on the human body. Moscow declared that both cosmonauts were quickly in radio communication as they soared around the globe approximately every 88 minutes, were even able to exchange grins by means of direct television contact. Moreover, the cosmonauts reported to the ground that they could see each other in the distance through their portholes. At that time, Nikolayev and Popovich were about 50 miles apart. The apogee of *Vostok III*'s initial orbit was 156 miles, its perigee 114 miles; *Vostok IV* circled at heights of between 158 and 112 miles.

At intervals, Nikolayev and Popovich reported that they unstrapped themselves from their harnesses and shifted weightlessly in their cabins, stretching their muscles as much as their bulky orange space suits would allow. Through the portholes of their spacecraft, they photographed the moon and other celestial bodies. "The moon looked not flat, as from the earth, but like a ball hanging in empty space," said Nikolayev later. In their logbooks, they noted the temperature, pressure and humidity of their vehicles, as well as their own pulse and blood pressure. Soviet scientists on the ground received electrocardiograms direct from sensors attached to the spacemen's bodies.

completing his flight. Helicopters picked up the two cosmonauts and ferried them off to a gay landing reception.

The meeting between the two cosmonauts was as emotional as the third act of an operatic potboiler. If Tass was to be believed, they embraced and kissed each other, then burst into song:

*It is not without reason
That a poet has said
That all that is best in life
Ends with a song.*

The heavily bearded spacemen munched watermelon and bantered with a mob of scientists, doctors and Soviet newsmen. Feeling the heat in the crowded resthouse, Popovich said, "I must admit that it was more comfortable in space." Added Niko-

pression of true and peaceful progress and a solid basis for human brotherhood." China's Mao Tse-tung, momentarily forgetting his quarrel with Russia, cabled Khrushchev, saying that the "Chinese people are immeasurably impressed by this new major victory."

Steppe Children. Whether they felt gloom or elation over the Soviet achievement, people the world over nevertheless praised the Russian spacemen, who came across as a couple of regular guys. Both of the new Russian cosmonauts are sons of the soil. One of four children, Nikolayev (it can also be transliterated as Nikolaev) was born on a collective farm in a village in the Chuvash region, an area of steppes and forests in the Volga River valley. He was stung by the flying

to wait. But the girl was dispirited by the prolonged separations and periods of silence, sent him a "Dear Andrian" letter and married another man. Nikolayev's mother Anna viewed the breakup with no remorse. "Andrian was in no great hurry to get married, and spent all his free time with his profession," she said. "But I think that the time will come when he will invite me to his wedding party." Nikolayev is quiet and reserved, in sharp contrast to Popovich, whose ready tongue and twinkling eye betray the personality of an irrepressible extrovert.

Like Nikolayev, Popovich is a steppe child. Born and raised in the Ukraine, he grew up fast during the Nazi occupation in World War II. Rather than learn German at a school organized by Hitler's invaders, he stuffed cotton in his ears and was expelled. To prevent his being sent off to a slave labor camp in Germany, Popovich's mother dressed him in old frocks and passed him off as a little girl.

Songs in the Capsule. After the war, Popovich worked as a herdsman in the fields, later won his diploma at a technical school in the Urals by designing the reconstruction of the dormitory in which he lived. He entered the air force in 1951, became a Communist Party member in 1957. While on duty in Siberia, he met his future wife, Maria, a woodcutter's daughter and an accomplished amateur stunt pilot, at a flying club near his station. Married in 1955, they have a six-year-old daughter, Natasha.

Popovich was picked for the Soviet space program in 1960. His jovial spirits often relieved the tedium of many of the training missions at the Russian space center. During one long isolation test in a cramped training capsule, he combated boredom by dancing and singing operatic arias with such gusto that scientists and doctors often gathered to listen. A voracious reader, Popovich is an admirer of Hemingway and Stendhal, can quote passages from the works of Soviet Poets Sergei Yesenin and Vladimir Mayakovsky. Ironically, both Yesenin and Mayakovsky committed suicide after becoming disenchanted with Communism.

Loop the Loop. What did the new Russian shoot actually accomplish? Though most Western scientists feel certain that the cosmonauts did not try to mate their capsules in an actual docking maneuver, some believe that Nikolayev and Popovich did maneuver their craft toward each other in space. Cleveland's Sohio tracking station said that from its calculations *Vostok III* and *Vostok IV* were within a mile of each other at one point, then drifted nearly 2,000 miles apart. "We're convinced that if they had the proper equipment they could have touched," says the station's supervisor. If they did indeed maneuver so close together, the cosmonauts may well have picked up valuable data on rates of closure and relative velocities that will be needed for actual docking in space some time later.

U.S. scientists were clearly impressed by the precision of the Soviet guidance system. Because of the rotation of the



CROWD CELEBRATING IN MOSCOW'S RED SQUARE
Greetings aloft turned to earthly warnings.

layev with a grin: "Yes, fewer people and less noise." Khrushchev telephoned congratulations from his Black Sea vacation spot at Yalta, told Popovich that he had seen a picture of his bushy mustached father in *Pravda*. "Your father curls his mustaches like Taras Bulba," said Nikita. "What a Cossack! He seems to be saying, 'Give me a horse and saber.'"

Widow's Sob. Not a Cossack but a sugar refinery worker, Roman Popovich, 57, wept with joy outside his home in the Ukraine in front of the photographers who gathered to catch his reaction at the news of his son's landing. In the Chuvash Republic, Anna Nikolayev, 62, a widowed peasant woman, tugged at her handkerchief and sobbed. Newspapers all over the world carried the photos.

Reaction to the Russian feat was mixed. "TWO UPMANSHIP," headlined London's *Daily Sketch*; the Laborite *Daily Herald* added soberly that while the "Russians have once again stirred the imagination and admiration of the world . . . today is the anniversary of the building of the Berlin Wall. That is the other side of Soviet achievement." In Rome, Pope John XXIII prayed that "these historic events can in some way become an ex-

pression of true and peaceful progress and a solid basis for human brotherhood." China's Mao Tse-tung, momentarily forgetting his quarrel with Russia, cabled Khrushchev, saying that the "Chinese people are immeasurably impressed by this new major victory."

When his peasant father died in 1944, Nikolayev wanted to leave school to help support his family, but his mother insisted that he complete his education. Nikolayev first tried medical school, then switched to forestry, was a lumberjack and timber camp foreman when he was drafted into the army in 1950. Trained as a radio operator and machine gunner, he applied later for pilot school, got his wings in 1954. Nikolayev, a longtime member of the Young Communist League, became a full party member in 1957, won the attention of his superiors when he crash-landed a flamed-out jet in a field rather than bail out and lose the plane.

Because of such "composure under stress," Nikolayev was picked for the cosmonaut list in 1959. It ended Bachelor Nikolayev's one serious romance. Deeply in love with a young girl, he was prevented by the secrecy of his mission from telling her what he was doing, asked her



SOVIET SPACEMEN POPOVICH & NIKOLAYEV AT PLAY
Ashore, a variety of corn.

earth, an orbiting object passes over the spot of launch only once every 17 orbits. The "launch window" (margin of time in which a missile can be launched to fulfill its mission) of a second rocket trying to match the orbit of a vehicle already in space is only a very few minutes. Yet the Russians scored a virtual bull's-eye. "The Russians must have multiple launch pads, because you can't refurbish a pad in 24 hours and then check out another rocket for launching in the same place," said one top U.S. space scientist. The extra pads serve Russia well in the event that a rocket malfunctions during countdown. "If we had three pads here, with three crews working on three boosters and capsules, we could speed up Project Mercury by a year." But the U.S. has only one launch complex available, since Project Mercury does not seek space rendezvous.

No Nausea? The fact that Nikolayev and Popovich were aloft for three and four days respectively and ate solid food also suggested that the Russians may have found a better way to dispose of or to store body wastes.* Equally important was the indication that Russia had licked the problem of space sickness. Gherman Titov's bout of nausea during his 17-orbit flight had raised serious doubts about man's physical ability to withstand the effects of prolonged weightlessness. But last year Soviet scientists toughened the cosmonauts' training program to help them combat space sickness. New whirling and loop-the-loop exercises were prescribed; after rigorous physical exertion,

a cosmonaut was required to stand on his head for long periods. The change in the training regime apparently worked; exultant Soviet scientists reported that neither Nikolayev nor Popovich suffered nausea aloft.

More important to the U.S. than waste disposal and space sickness, however, was the question of where it stood with Russia in the race to the moon. The most pessimistic view was taken by Britain's Sir Bernard Lovell, director of the Jodrell Bank space observatory: "I think that the Russians are so far ahead in the technique of rocketry that the possibility of America catching up in the next decade is remote." Almost as gloomy was U.S. Scientist Edward Teller, who declared in a California speech: "There is no doubt that the best scientists as of this moment are not in the U.S., but in Moscow."

Broader Base. Other U.S. scientists were less pessimistic. They emphasized that because Russia was still operating behind a curtain of secrecy, no one outside the Soviet Union could really gauge the scientific accomplishment of the two-man mission. The Russians did not announce the launchings until the capsules were in orbit, and kept strict control over all information. They did not reveal the size of either capsule, as they had done for the Gagarin and Titov flights, and the names of the rocket designer and standly cosmonauts were not disclosed.

"I don't think that there was any technical breakthrough," said U.S. Space Expert Werner von Braun. "It does not look like the Russians used any new equipment." Von Braun was sure that Russia was still operating with the same rocket booster used in *Vostok I* and *Vostok II*, which is capable of lifting a

* A Danish Communist paper speculated that the craft weighed 8½ tons each, compared with the five tons of *Vostok I* and *II*.



GAMBOOLING.



SNIFFING PUPPIES

14,000-lb. payload. Hugh Dryden, Deputy Administrator of the National Aeronautics & Space Administration, agreed, suggesting that while the Soviet booster was capable of such propaganda space spectacles as the twin shoot, it was far too small for moon exploration.

While the Russians have concentrated on manned space-flight spectacles, say U.S. scientists, the U.S.'s space effort has had a far broader base in space science as a whole. It is not focused on Project Mercury alone. Since Gherman Titov's space orbit last summer, NASA, the Navy and Air Force have successfully sent up more than 30 satellites. In the same period, Russia is known to have orbited only eight. Most of the U.S. vehicles were launched to gather meteorological and biological data and to set up a space communications system. The remainder were reconnaissance Samos, Midas and Discoverer satellites. Such a broad-based program is intended to push progress ahead on many fronts, coming to dramatic fruition when it is time for a shot at the moon itself.

A Military Matter. But at a Washington press conference, NASA officials admitted that things were going to get worse before they got better. They predicted that Russia would probably be the first to manage a space rendezvous, put a multi-man capsule into orbit, and orbit the moon. But both NASA Administrator James Webb and D. Brainerd Holmes, boss of the U.S.'s moon program, insisted that the U.S. would land on the moon

* Some U.S. scientists believe that the cosmonauts probably defecated into a slight vacuum, after which the feces were passed into a container and frozen. Under this system the liquid content can be evaporated, purified, and passed back into the cabin as clean water vapor. The dried residue might then be stored in plastic bags. A similar condensation process could be used to dispose of urine.



COMMUNIST WATER CANNON UNDER TEAR-GAS BARRAGE
Something more than silent meditation was called for.



COURTESY OF BLACK STAR

BIELIG & MARCHERS

BERLIN

Unhappy Anniversary

and return before the Russians. The reason: the U.S.'s "driving effort to build big boosters," which will begin to pay off handsomely by 1964.

The driving effort, however, is currently very much in the rough. The hydrogen-powered Centaur project, which is to provide the second stage of the Saturn missile to power the U.S.'s first moon shot, is already 18 months behind schedule; Congress has called Centaur's NASA management "weak and ineffective." NASA officials are considering accelerating the U.S.'s \$5.5 billion space program, but warned that such a move would cost \$500 million more a year. "A speedup is possible," says Webb. "We have a fast-paced, not an all-out or crash program. We have the capacity to do more."

One huge reason for the growing pressure behind an emergency speedup is the specter of Russian military domination of space. Moscow has long indicated that it was aware that the nation that controlled space also controlled the earth.

Future Bird Watchers. The latest Soviet feat brings Russia to within a step of being able to intercept and destroy the U.S.'s spy-in-the-sky satellites. "If the Russians can send Colonel Popovich up to look at Major Nikolayev, they can go up and look at one of our birds," suggested a Pentagon officer. "Why, they could knock out those delicate instruments in some of our satellites by hitting them with almost anything." Some experts poo-hoo these fears, say the interception of *Vostok III* by *Vostok IV* was immensely simplified by the fact that the Russians launched both satellites from the same spot and knew in advance the flight plan and basic physical qualities of the first vehicle.

This hardly diminishes the importance of last week's Soviet achievement, which showed impressive precision that no one could afford to disregard.

The leaders of West Berlin last week cautioned their citizens to commemorate the first year of the ugly Communist Wall with "meditation" rather than demonstrations. But many stubborn West Berliners were not content simply to meditate when anniversary day arrived.

In factory after factory, workers passed word that every available car, truck and motorcycle must converge on the Wall at noon. An hour ahead of schedule, a solid line of traffic surged eastward toward the sector boundary. Near the Wall the drivers jammed their cars into every inch of parking space, got out to cover their license plates (so as not to be identified by East German guards) and to lift their hoods (to expose their klaxons). Then they sat back and waited with hands on horns.

So it was that, at the stroke of 12, when a solemn three-minute hush was officially decreed in West Berlin, the city rocked instead to a deafening cacophony. East German loudspeakers responded with Communist marching songs. The klaxonfest might have gone on for hours but for the arrival of a carrot-topped youth clutching an eight-foot crucifix inscribed in white letters: *Wir Klagen An (We Accuse)*. With a bellow that brought half a dozen other young Berliners to his side, the lad, a 20-year-old factory worker named Dieter Bielig, raced to the Wall and brandished the cross at the fuming *Grenzpolizei* (border police). The West Berlin crowd, held back by police, roared its delight and showered rocks on the Communist guards, who retreated before replying with a powerful blast from a nearby water cannon.

Though they aimed the high-pressure nozzle directly at the cross, Bielig squared his shoulders and charged forward to the

Wall, which he used as a shelter. The frustrated Grepos next tried to dislodge Bielig and his helpers by throwing tear-gas grenades onto the western side. Two minutes later, six West Berlin cops sprinted to Bielig's side and rained potent tear-gas bombs of their own on the armored water cannon until its choking crew was forced to stagger away.

For six more hours, 600 slogan-chanting West Berliners tramped faithfully behind Dieter Bielig's cross as he crusaded the length of the Wall. Women with small babies joined the column; a wheel-chaired cripple pulled frantically on his wheels to keep up with the throng. Not until 1 a.m. did the mob tire and go home. By then they had yelled themselves hoarse and thrown enough rocks at the Communists to satisfy even West Berlin's city fathers that some anniversaries call for more than meditation and three meek minutes of silence.

Four days after the anniversary explosion, an East German youth who tried to leap the Wall was shot down by the Grepos and left bleeding for almost an hour before he died within sight of a horrified crowd of West Berliners. Though U.S. sentries legally could have crossed the border and rescued the writhing refugee, they remained on the Western side of the Wall. U.S. Commandant Major General Albert Watson sent an angry note to his Soviet opposite number, protesting this "barbaric inhumanity"; there was no indication that the Russians were the least bit interested. Within 30 minutes of the shooting, Dieter Bielig was on hand to lay flowers at the Wall and plant his cross near the spot at which the Communists had shot the youth.

EUROPE

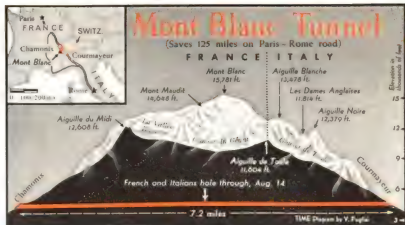
Under the Alps

A mighty blast echoed deep inside towering Mont Blanc (alt. 15,781 ft.) last week, and a thick wall of rock crumbled in a dense cloud of smoke and dust. A mile and a half down in the Alpine depths, tunnel workers from Italy and from France scrambled over the settling debris to meet in grimy embrace and exchange flags, helmets and undershirts. They cheered hoarsely: "Viva la Francia!" "Viva l'Italie!"

Waterfalls & Soft Rock. It was the breakthrough for the world's longest vehicular tunnel, stretching 7.2 miles* beneath the icy, forbidding Alpine massif to join Courmayeur, Italy, and Chamonix, France, the famed ski resort. A magnificent feat of engineering, the French and Italian sections of the horizontal hole, begun on opposite sides of Western Europe's tallest mountain, were only two inches out of line horizontally and three inches off vertically when they came together. After 3½ years of toil and tragedy—including 17 deaths, 800 injuries—the tunnel was a handsome triumph over monumental hazards. The Italians began in January 1959, eight months before the French, but soon lost the advantage of their head start, for the glacier-squeezed southern Alpine rock was dangerously brittle, collapsed regularly, requiring extra bracing for the tunnel roof; cascades of underground water often streamed into the tunnel, almost drowning drillers under subterranean waterfalls. The French, plagued by fewer engineering difficulties but disrupted by three months of labor strikes, hinted darkly that the Italians got to the halfway mark first by drilling a narrower tunnel in the final weeks. The Italians insisted they had done so only because of crumbling rock; the Rome press was quick to claim victory in the tunneling contest.

Wine & a Chorus. After the last rock harrier fell last week, the weary tunnel diggers joined high officials and journalists in a gala celebration over a huge buffet of salami, ham rolls, *petits fours*, 200 bottles of French champagne and 450 bottles of Italian wine. High and happy, one French worker improvised a dance with an Italian driller who poured wine and mineral water over him as others sang and clanked empty bottles in accompaniment.

European travelers and businessmen should be happy too. The \$50 million Mont Blanc tunnel will represent a big advance in European transport when it is opened to traffic early in 1964. The 23-ft., two-lane roadway will chop 125 mountainous miles from the Paris-Rome drive, open a route usable even when Alpine snow is deepest: Geneva and Turin, 107 miles apart by road in the summer and 491 miles apart in the winter, will be sep-



arated by 168 miles all year long when the tunnel is opened.

Looking back on the grueling work and tragic loss of life, Italian Operations Chief Loris Corbi spoke for his half of the vast Franco-Italian project: "This event is like a chorus, now sad, then happy, sometimes soft and sometimes loud, sung by all the people of Italy for all the people of Europe."

GHANA

Accra's God

*Nkrumah never dies, never dies, never dies.
He forever lives.
Nkrumah will make you fathers of men
If you follow him.*

These lines are from an official anthem of Ghana's youth movement, the 500,000-strong Young Pioneers, who are the pride of President Kwame Nkrumah. Though all Ghanaians are now accustomed to adu-

lation of Ghana's *Osagyefo* (Redeemer), the indoctrination of small children with such a parody of Christian teaching (*Matthew 4:10*) was too much for the Right Rev. Richard Roseveare, 60, Anglican Bishop of Accra. Fortnight ago, the bishop rose before a Christian gathering in Cape Coast to declare solemnly, "It is a truism to say that the future will be in the hands of the boys and girls of today. Not only myself but all heads of churches in Ghana are shocked by the godlessness of this movement and by some of its phrases and songs prescribed for the children to repeat or to sing."

This was heresy indeed in Ghana, where *Osagyefo's* image is everywhere—on stamps and coins, on the big statue that carries the mocking motto: "Seek ye first the political kingdom." The *Ghanaian Times*, Nkrumah's party paper, promptly denounced Roseveare and hinted that the bishop was running an arsenal for Nkrumah's enemies. This carried special significance since the attempt on Nkrumah's life three weeks ago had focused attention on every possible opponent.

Roseveare's superior, Archbishop of West Africa Cecil J. Patterson, defended Roseveare's criticism as "temperate and necessary." But last week Interior Minister Kwaku Boating called Roseveare on the carpet, ordered him to leave the country within nine hours; then for bad measure he banished Archbishop Patterson as well. Sneered the *Ghanaian Times* as Roseveare departed: "His presence in our dear land was not conducive to the public good. Perhaps a knighthood from his imperialist monarchs and some violent falsehoods about Ghana will compensate for the egoistic propensities of this Lucifer of a priest."

Kwame Nkrumah likes to think of himself as the future boss of Africa. Time after time, he has tried to rally the other nations around his Pan African banner. But to most of the continent's other leaders, this latest extreme example of self-dedication was simply confirmation of a growing suspicion that Accra today houses not Africa's greatest man, but merely Africa's biggest ego.



BISHOP ROSEVEARE
The protest brought banishment.

* Runners-up: Britain's Mersey Tunnel joining Liverpool and Birkenhead (1934); Japan's Kanmon Tunnel between the islands of Honshu and Kyushu (1958), both slightly over two miles long.

SOUTH AFRICA

Whisky for All

In Johannesburg last week, a new group of customers filed hesitantly into the well-stocked liquor stores of Eloff and Commissioner Streets. For the first time in South Africa's history, any nonwhite could buy a pint of strong ale or a bottle of whisky without breaking the law.

The prohibition that ended last week

too sedate for those accustomed to the smoky, carefree, rock 'n' roll atmosphere of the shebeens. One legal requirement of the new bars not conducive to a carefree cocktail hour: all must be surrounded by a high wire fence.

South Africa's first nights of nonprohibition passed without the predicted riotous debauch in the native townships. Perhaps the blacks had been reading the special government pamphlet distributed

investigate biased or autocratic official decisions, as well as inequities in the law. To be known officially as the Parliamentary Commissioner for Investigations, he will be able to take action on his own or on the complaint of any citizen who, for a modest fee (\$2.50), seeks redress from unfair treatment by officialdom.

Initially, at least, New Zealand's commissioner would not have the broad investigative powers of Sweden's *ombudsman*, notably the right to scrutinize judicial and local government procedures. Furthermore, he will be required to hold preliminary hearings in private, although in Sweden, Finland and Denmark, the *ombudsman's* strongest weapon is the widespread, chastening publicity that results from open investigation. To critics who want more powers for the commissioner, the government replies that when the first grievance man is appointed—probably by year's end—his effectiveness will not depend so much on his legal prerogatives as on the wisdom and courage of the man who gets the job.

LAOS

Fortunate Five

After 14 nations signed the Geneva accord establishing Laotian neutrality last month, Red Prince Souphanouvong promised to release the U.S. prisoners held by his Communist Pathet Lao. Last week five gaunt and bearded men stumbled off a twin-engined Soviet plane at Vientiane's Wattay airport. They had been imprisoned for 15 months or more—and looked it.

Major Lawrence Bailey, 38, who had been assistant U.S. military attaché in the Laotian capital before his capture in March 1961, was still weak from injuries suffered when he bailed out of a plane that crashed with seven other U.S. servicemen in a mountainous eastern province of Laos. Unable to walk without assistance, and barely able to talk, Bailey said that he had been locked alone in a "black cell" for the past eleven months, was subjected to "continuous questioning."

The only other U.S. serviceman released by the Pathet Lao was Sergeant Orville Ballenger, 28, a member of a U.S. Army team assigned to the Royal Laotian Army, who was captured with three other soldiers in April 1961 and had been kept in solitary imprisonment ever since. Luckiest of the prisoners, by their own accounts, were Edward N. Shore Jr. and John P. McMorrow, civilian pilots for the Air America charter service (which ferried supplies for the previous Laotian regime), and NBC cameraman Grant Wolfkill, who was a passenger in their helicopter when it crashed 40 miles north of the capital. Unlike the others, the three shared a cell, and had been relatively well treated since last April, when they were transferred from the custody of savage Mont tribesmen to a camp run by the Viet Minh Communist troops from North Viet Nam.

"The Monts were the worst," said robust Grant Wolfkill. "They ran around like wild men, always looking for an excuse to kill us." When they got bored, the tribes-



AFRICANS BUYING LIQUOR IN JOHANNESBURG. From *Black & the Moon* to over the counter.

was premised on the same logic that guides most South African race policies: the irresponsible "natives" could not be trusted with real alcohol, and therefore had to be limited to some mealy white suds called "kaffir beer." Naturally, the blacks drank anyway—usually in dingy shebeens (speakeasies) with names like Falling Leaves or Back o' the Moon. There they could buy a nip of bootleg whisky for \$1.75, or lap up such crude homemade potions as Kill-Me-Quick, which occasionally did just that. Since liquor offenses accounted for a quarter of all convictions in South Africa's courts the end of prohibition was strongly recommended by the police; an even more powerful lobby was South Africa's wine and brandy industry, which was pained at a gigantic market lying fallow.

On the first day of legal competition, shebeen prices skidded. Whisky was going for a mere \$1.40 a shot, and a glass of beer cost 70c. "How can we make a living at these prices?" complained one of the swaggering shebeen queens whose establishments have long helped make life bearable for nonwhites in racist South Africa.

The queens are likely to live well for a while. The native bars being built by the government to encourage "civilized drinking" have not been completed. Even when they are, they will probably be a bit

for the occasion. It warned them that immoderate drinking "dims the eyes and confuses your thinking. It is bad for the liver and kidneys. Everything you conceal is revealed if you drink too much of a new liquor."

NEW ZEALAND

Grievance Man v. Bureaucracy

New Zealand is not the first nation to discover that the material blessings of the welfare state come wrapped in red tape. Trying to deal with their burgeoning bureaucracy,* crack New Zealanders, is "like boring a hole through treacle." Now the nation is considering a solution to government regimentation and pettifoggery. Last week, after a year of deliberation, New Zealand was pressing ahead with plans for a new, independent government official who will act as a civic watchdog in much the same fashion as the famed, 153-year-old Swedish institution known as the *ombudsman*, or grievance man.

As envisaged in a bill before Parliament that is solidly backed by both political parties, New Zealand's *ombudsman* (pronounced om-buds-man) will have access to government records and power to in-

* New Zealand has one government employee for every 14 citizens; 1, one per 107 in Britain, one per 24 in the U.S.



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A vintage advertisement for Stouffer's frozen prepared foods. The main image shows a man in a white shirt and dark tie holding a large, succulent barbecued chicken leg. He is smiling and looking down at it. A woman with blonde hair, wearing a dark top and a patterned skirt, stands next to him, smiling and resting her chin on her hand. They are at a round table with a red tablecloth. On the table are two white plates, two folded white napkins, and a large white plate filled with several barbecued chicken legs. The background is a dark wood-paneled wall.

NEW
STOUFFER'S
FROZEN
BARBECUED
CHICKEN
LEGS

Buy two packages, we'll pay for one. What a treat! Each package contains a pair of meaty, tender chicken legs and thighs barbecued in Stouffer's hearty man-pleasing sauce. Pick up two packages. Enjoy them. Then send the fronts of both packages to Stouffer's, Box 1015, Clinton, Iowa. We'll refund the cost of one package. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1962.



You taste a priceless difference in *Stouffer's* frozen prepared foods

men would fire machine-gun bursts into the cell; the trio were kept in heavy wooden stocks "like Salem witches." Their steady diet: rice and salt. By contrast, cracked Wolfkill, the Viet Minh "did more or less abide by the International Convention for war prisoners—we were at least allowed to go to the toilet."

Despite their hardships, the five who came back were fortunate. American officials in Laos have been unable to learn the whereabouts of eleven other U.S. soldiers and civilians, who are listed as missing but may not even be alive.

THE PACIFIC

Gentleman from Japan

The Japanese maritime agency refused to sanction his trip on the grounds that it was "suicidal"; his frantic parents begged him to stay home. But Kenichi Horie, 23, a transistor-size auto parts salesman from Osaka, was a determined man. Last May 12 he crammed his 10-ft. sloop *Mermaid* with 88 lbs. of rice, 200 cans of fish, five gallons of water, 60 bottles of beer, a ukulele and two English grammars—then set off for San Francisco, 5,300 miles away.

Since he had no auxiliary motor or radio transmitter, Horie was given up for lost almost as soon as he was out of sight. But last week, after 93 lonely days on the Pacific, he finally saw the fog rise over the Golden Gate Bridge, politely offered sake to the puzzled U.S. immigration officials who met him. The immigration service decided to grant a one-month visa, and Happy Horie popped off to see the sights, surrounded by the giggling infield of Osaka's touring girls' softball

team. Back home, Japanese officials had to decide whether to fine Horie for illegal exit or hail him as a national hero, the first Japanese to sail the Pacific solo.

RED CHINA

Don't Fall in Love

An Oriental paradox: Red China, unable to feed its estimated 680 million people, desperately needs to slow down a birth rate that is increasing the population by 1.650 people every hour; but it is plainly stated in Communist doctrine that population control is unnecessary and undesirable in a Marxist state.

A brief deviationist experiment with conventional contraception devices in 1957 brought disgrace to its government promoters, partly on ideological grounds, partly because the campaign made no impact on the Chinese people. Now, party dialecticians are trying a new propaganda tack—later marriage. The government lists all sorts of advantages: health, industrial efficiency, psychological adjustment, almost everything except the need to keep the birth rate down. Peking College Medical Professor Yeh Kung-shao spelled it all out explicitly in a recent issue of *China Youth Daily*. Wrote Yeh: "The ideal age for women [to marry] is from 23 to 25, for men 25 to 29. . . . I suggest the women have their first child generally at the age of 26 or 27 and then have a second one after three to five years. If the circumstances are especially good, they may have a third one after another three to five years."

To older Chinese, Yeh suggests, "Please do not exercise pressure on your children to make them marry early so that you can enjoy the pleasure of becoming grandparents." But what is to be done about the young folks who get romantic ideas? Yeh faces the problem squarely: "I feel that to oppose early marriage we must also oppose falling in love at an early age."

The Other Swimmer

Red China's Mao Tse-tung is a bug on swimming. Six years ago, at 63, he swam the Yantze River three times and wrote a triumphant poem about it. Then one day two years later, in the South China provincial capital of Nanning, Mao stripped down to a pair of striped green and white shorts and plopped into the Yung River, with a local swimming champion, Lo Tat-on, 17, and two other young Chinese for company. Lo was not impressed. "Very poor swimming style," he recalls.

At the time Lo prudently kept his estimate of Mao's prowess to himself; he also did not tell Mao that he was fed up with life in Red China, hoped to flee the country at the first opportunity. Last month, Lo found his chance on a Canton-Tsamkong steamer plying the South China Sea between the mainland and Hong Kong. When no one was looking, Lo went over the rail and started splashing toward the British colony three miles away. After four hours he was hailed by a Commu-



CHAMPION LO
Three miles to freedom.

nist freighter, but managed to convince the crew that he was a Hong Kong life-guard in training for the Asian Games. At last, he crawled ashore on British territory. There he could have quoted back to his former leader two lines from Mao's joyful swimming poem:

This is better than idly strolling in a courtyard.

Today I am free!

INDIA

Who's Next?

Ever since Britain gave India its freedom in 1947, Independence Day in New Delhi has followed the pattern set by Jawaharlal Nehru, its unvarying master of ceremonies and India's only Prime Minister. Last week's anniversary was no exception. After laying a wreath on the Juma River bank where Mahatma Gandhi was cremated, Nehru mounted the ramparts of New Delhi's ancient Red Fort, hoisted India's saffron, green and white tricolor and, beaming proprietorially at the vast multitude below, embarked on his annual address to the nation.

The speech was notably briefer than the Panditji's customary Independence Day oration. Without mentioning Communist China, he warned: "People living across our borders look at us with hostile eyes and occasionally talk of war. I hope there won't be any war, but let us be prepared." Preparedness, he emphasized earlier at a press conference, does not include allying India with Asia's anti-Communist nations or joining "some military bloc." "Even if disaster comes to us on the frontier," he said, "I am not going to



SAILOR HORIE
5,300 miles to San Francisco.

let India rely on foreign arms to save its territory."

Straw Man? While he was calculatedly vague about how India was to achieve military preparedness, Nehru said not a word on a subject that is hardly less vital to the nation's future: his successor. Since his feverish campaign for last February's general election, 72-year-old Nehru on several occasions has been bedridden for weeks at a time. Though he has recently regained much of his old bounce, and even brags that his health is "extraordinarily good," the guessing game about his successor was keener than ever last week.

Indications are that when Nehru steps down, his Congress Party will nominate a

For that post, Nehru is said to prefer Menon, the only one of his Cabinet colleagues he regards as his intellectual equal.

Menon has been given a chance to gain popularity by grabbing Goa from the Portuguese, and by arguing India's claim to disputed Kashmir in the U.N. But his arrogance and impenetrable prejudices irritate most politicians. Menon's health is also in question; last fall he had a brain operation, and reportedly will soon undergo another. Replying to an Independence Day tribute last week, Menon murmured: "Personalities die, but not causes." Many an Indian, pained at the cloudy succession question, would add that it takes a personality to run a country.

Under the Bunker plan, the Indonesians promise to hold a plebiscite by 1969, giving the 700,000 native Papuans of West Irian (as the Indonesians call it) a choice of independence or permanent union with the rest of the old Dutch East Indies. The Dutch could only hope that Indonesia would abide by whatever choice the Papuans made.

Next question: Who would boss the tricky U.N. interim administration? First choice of both sides was patient, professional Ellsworth Bunker, 68, who had vainly hoped to go back and relax on his Vermont farm after the tedious, five-month negotiations.

SAUDI ARABIA

Princely Revolt

"King Saud is not a 20th century king. He is not a 19th century king. He is a Neanderthal king." Though many would agree with this description of Saudi Arabia's crusty old monarch, there was some surprise at the source: Prince Talal Ibn Abdulaziz, half brother of Saud, former Minister of Finance in Saud's government.

Last week Talal, 32, and half a dozen other princely Saudi rebels, showed up in Beirut to declare open war on King Saud, and on the feudal system by which Saudi Arabia is ruled. For years, said Talal at a press conference in the Hotel St. Georges, he had pressed for political and social changes. "The people are dissatisfied. They want freedom and reform, and they will get it with or against the royal family. Either we lead the reform or we all will be overwhelmed by it."

But, Talal went on, "King Saud is absolutely hopeless. It is impossible to achieve anything under his rule. He not only doesn't want constitutional monarchy; he doesn't understand what it is." Talal claims that during his last hitch in the government (1960-61) Saud promised him he could proclaim a constitutional monarchy. Proclaim he did—but Saud prohibited mention of it in Saudi Arabia's press. Talal's attempts to divert Saudi Arabia's steady stream of oil money from the free-spending royal family to development projects were equally frustrating. "I literally don't know how many princes are tapping the budget," admitted the former Finance Minister disgustedly, "but there are hundreds, maybe more than a thousand."

In Riyadh, King Saud confiscated Talal's property, canceled his passport, and denounced the rebels as "quite mad, irresponsible boys who are deliberately trying to break the Saudi family tradition and hold it up to ridicule." Mad indeed, Rebel Talal headed for Cairo to drum up more support behind his solemn vow: "We will overthrow King Saud very soon—sooner than you think." Talal would find quick sympathy in Egypt's capital, where Gamal Abdel Nasser for years has been using spies, subversion and radio propaganda in an effort to undermine the old King. But it would not be easy to dislodge the man who held the purse strings of rich Saudi Arabia.



U THANT & NEGOTIATORS*
One side was wreathed in smiles.

straw man who resembles him as closely as possible. Likeliest candidate is Lal Bahadur Shastri, 58, Nehru's bland Home Minister, who, while probably equal to the job, lacks the personal dynamism to fill it permanently. Conservatives favor Finance Minister Morarji Desai, a dogged free-enterpriser in a statist Cabinet and a stern ascetic who once gave up conjugal relations with his wife for 20 years. But Desai's austerity programs have not made him popular. Socialist Leader Jayaprakash Narayan is, next to Nehru, the most popular man in India, but his simple syrup solutions for complex problems have hurt his reputation—and besides, Congress Party leaders can hardly be expected to favor the man who leads the opposition.

In the Family? Nehru's own personal favorites in the succession sweepstakes are said to be his daughter, Indira Gandhi, 44, widow of Congress Party Backbencher Feroze Gandhi (no kin to the Mahatma), and acerbic, West-baiting Defense Minister Krishna Menon, 65. Nehru envisions his daughter, who is his closest confidante, as a stopgap Prime Minister who could keep India on an even keel until the Congress Party chose a permanent successor.

NEW GUINEA

Toward West Irian

Over a horseshoe-shaped table at the United Nations Security Council conference hall in Manhattan, The Netherlands and Indonesia last week formally ended 13 years of bitter wrangling and spasmodic war for possession of the steaming archipelago called New Guinea.

Broadest smile was on the face of Indonesia's Foreign Minister Subandrio, for the document that both sides signed calls for a U.N. police force to take over West New Guinea from the Dutch on Oct. 1, pass it on to the Indonesians seven months later. It was a compromise engineered by retired U.S. Diplomat Ellsworth Bunker, whose plan was swallowed reluctantly by Holland. The Dutch made no secret of their bitterness. Said Premier J. E. de Quay: "Holland could not count on the support of its allies, and for that reason we had to sign."

* Left to right: Indonesian Foreign Minister Subandrio, Bunker, U. Thant, Dutch Ambassador to the U.N. C.W.A. Schurman, Dutch Foreign Minister J. Herman van Roijen.

SYRIA: Chasing Out the Demons

NEAR the farming village of Sifra, 200 miles north of Damascus, thousands of Syrian fellahin crowded onto a dusty field last week for a joyous ceremony: 3,927 men were to receive titles to the land they and their ancestors had always tilled for the enrichment of others. Brightly dressed sword dancers swung their great curved sabers in a fierce ballet. A spare, bearded mullah on the edge of the crowd intoned verses from the Koran. The peasants greeted each statement by Minister of Agrarian Reform Ahmed Abdel Karim with a rhythmic chant: "Down with feudalism! Down with imperialism! Down with dictatorship! Down with Communism! Down with Nasser! Down with Nasser! Down with Nasser!" The mullah shrilled his enthusiastic agreement: "In the name of Allah, chase out the demons."

Disappearing Twitch

For four months the moderate government of President Nazem El-Koudsi and Premier Bashir El-Azmeh has been chasing the fellahin's imposing list of demons, all the while warily returning Syria to relative normalcy after seven *coups d'état* in 13 years. Koudsi himself is a product of Coup No. 6, when nationalist army officers last fall shattered the abrasive union of Syria and Egypt—and the Pan-Arab dreams of Gamal Abdel Nasser—with a swift, bloodless revolt. Elected Syria's President in December, he was then deposed and jailed by the army officers in March (Coup No. 7) for chasing one of the demons, feudalism, with insufficient vigor. Recalled by the bickering officers two weeks later, Koudsi asked Dr. Bashir El-Azmeh, a Damascus chest surgeon, to form the government that has managed to pick a safe course ever since.

From the outward look of Syria, reported *TIME* Correspondent George de Carvalho last week, the regime has managed well. As if in reply to the mullah's chant, the drought that lasted straight through the four years of the United Arab Republic was broken the day after its dissolution, and the rains are now bringing the best wheat and cotton crop in a decade. Says an embittered Nasser supporter: "Rain last year would have saved Nasser, and drought this year would have brought him back."

Gone with the drought is the Nasser-era police state whose oppression created the "Syrian twitch"—a quick, nervous glance over the shoulder. Although Syrian prisons hold fewer than 500 "subversives"—many of them saboteurs sent in by Nasser—Syrians can no longer be jailed for more than 48 hours without formal arraignment. A degree of press freedom has been granted, and the politics-loving Syrians are now entertained with three newly licensed opposition papers which often speak out against the government.

Water & Oil

Gone, too, are the doctrinaire economic rules of Nasser's "Arab socialism" that grated on the traditionally free-wheeling Syrians, who love nothing more than driving a good business bargain. The bazaars of Damascus are again bustling after a long stretch of relative austerity. Says Premier Azmeh: "By its very nature, Syria lives on commerce. The Egyptians tried, but you cannot fight nature. We favor free enterprise and private business; we are against feudalism and exploitation. We want economic freedom combined with social justice." A forward step is the Euphrates dam, being built with West German Marks, which will irrigate 2,200,000 acres of land and produce enough power to meet all industrial needs. Syria's deposits of oil and gas are being effectively developed for the first time. At the same time, the Azmeh government has distributed about a quarter as much land to peasants in two months as Nasser did in 3½ years.

Syria is still no model of stability. The regime rules with no real legal basis, since Koudsi was elected by a Parliament that has since been dissolved. The constitution that Nasser

threw out has never been replaced. Although the government of Koudsi and Azmeh claims independence, it continues to rule by the leave of a quietly watchful six-man army committee. Still, political observers agree that the regime has won considerable popular support.

The Syrian Communist Party—once one of the Middle East's strongest—is still banned, along with all other political parties. But the Russians themselves are working hard to increase their influence. The main tool is a lavish foreign-aid program, an estimated \$500 million Soviet investment split between military aid (MIGs, tanks, rifles) and such projects as the first railroad linking Syria's Mediterranean port of Latakia with the Jezire agriculture district of the northeast. The Soviet embassy, largest in Damascus, is headquarters for a community that includes a 200-man military mission and 300 technicians.

Bombs & Diatribes

But Syria's greatest external threat is still Egypt's Nasser; he has never recognized the present government, and publicly treats the Syrians like so many Israelis. Egypt does not allow mail from Syria into the country, and Radio Cairo continues to fire daily diatribes at Damascus. In the past three months, pro-Nasser forces in Syria have tossed more than 100 bombs and staged several minor coup attempts. The young Nasserite officers of the Aleppo garrison, who rose against the Damascus government last April, have been separated and shifted elsewhere by the more moderate generals in control; but Nasser's propagandists still exhort the army to "revolt against reaction, feudalism and imperialism." Syria has reacted with a formal complaint to the Arab League, demanding action to stop Nasser's "aggression and interference."

Most Syrian leaders favor the goals Nasser claims to seek—Arab unity, social justice, agrarian reform—but they are less than enthusiastic about Nasser's methods or Nasser domination. Even the leader of the powerful Baath socialist party, once a violent Nasser supporter, is disillusioned with Egypt's boss.

"Syrians will never again accept tyranny," says Premier Azmeh. "What we need is simply democracy, to meet the people's aspirations. When the people feel that their needs are being met, they will support the government wholeheartedly, and there will be no more instability and no more *coups d'état*." For a man in Azmeh's situation, this is a worthy if not entirely realistic point of view.

AGRARIAN REFORM MINISTER KARIM & FELLAHIN



THE HEMISPHERE

JAMAICA

Running the Other Way

The flags of 15 nations fluttered from the top of Kingston's new \$3,000,000 sports stadium. The ninth Central American and Caribbean games were under way in Jamaica, newest of the hemisphere's nations. In the first week of competition, Mexico won 30 gold medals and Puerto Rico won five. But the headlines went to Fidel Castro's big Cuban contingent—

dona's anti-Castro Revolutionary Council. Several days later, the four and their coach, who had also slipped away, were flown to Miami, where they asked asylum. Said one: "We were just tired of being involved in the stupid struggle that has destroyed Cuba."

Enraged at the defections, Cuba's delegate to the games, González Guerra, warned the teams that any more defectors would be hunted down, no matter how fast they ran, and brought back to Cuba.



COACH & WEIGHT LIFTERS
Even the bat boy was a cop.

though not for his physical prowess. Politics was the game, and at that the Cubans put on quite a show.

Seeking to demonstrate Cuba's "socialist superiority," Castro's team had been in training for six months. Twice-weekly lectures on Marx and Lenin were supposed to put everybody in the right frame of mind. Said Castro himself, in a final pep talk: Cuba's athletes were going to Jamaica "not as athletes, but soldiers fighting the cause of socialism. There will be people who will try to kidnap you." As protection, he sent 20 secret-service men to guard his warriors; even the bat boy on Cuba's baseball team was a cop.

On the opening day, Cuba's soccer team was dumped 2-1 by the tiny Dutch West Indies. The water polo team was humiliated 13-4 by Panama. Next, the Cuban baseball team lost 4-3 to Puerto Rico, but not before the game had been delayed 20 minutes by a bat-swinging riot that left seven fans and players hurt.

The high point was the weight lifting. Just as the match got under way one night, four of Castro's best weight lifters coolly walked off the stage of a Kingston theater where the competition was held and sprinted into a waiting getaway car driven by members of José Miró Car-

Soon after, Cuba's basketball coach made his own sprint to freedom, followed by one of the players on his team and a Cuban photographer covering the games.

PERU

Giving In

After a month of huffing and puffing, the U.S. gave up trying to blow Peru's military dictatorship down. The State Department professed itself satisfied that "the interim government has taken important steps on the road back to constitutional government in Peru." Thereupon it resumed both diplomatic relations and U.S. economic aid amounting to \$83 million this year.

The junta, which came to power after upsetting one election, promised free elections next June, and said that foreigners would be allowed to observe them. Hoping to keep the junta honest, the U.S. is still withholding about \$20 million in arms assistance scheduled for Peru. Also withheld: the presence of U.S. Ambassador James Loeb, who counseled the previous hard line on Peru, and would now be staying in Washington for what is called "extended consultation." Meaning that he is not going back to Lima.

THE AMERICAS

A State of "Anarchy"

To judge by the headlines, Latin America's two largest nations lurch from one political crisis to another; and to judge by their falling currency, both Brazil and Argentina are in an economic mess. The headlines are true and the financial crisis is real, but people long injured to trouble develop their own saving methods of endurance, apathy or escapism. Citizens of Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro went about their affairs with a benumbed kind of ordinariness last week. Argentines flocked to the horse races at Palermo Hippodrome; Brazilians poured into Maracanã Stadium for a *futebol* match. While they played, or worked at their jobs, the political disputation went on.

Argentina. The country's military rulers, having unconstitutionally taken power, were now fighting among themselves. Rival cliques sent their tanks through the streets of Buenos Aires to make menacing gestures at one another; three new War Ministers were appointed in the space of four days, until finally a "neutral" general was found who for the moment satisfied both sides. Argentina's dogged Economics Minister Alvaro Alsogaray, who recently returned from the U.S. with \$500 million in loans, warned that the nation could not continue much longer in a state of "anarchy." Alsogaray has not been able to put into practice most of the reform measures he insists are necessary. Prices rise daily, and last week the peso sank still lower to 120 to the dollar, while the foreign debt climbed to above \$4 billion and gold and cash reserves in the treasury dwindled to a meager \$170 million. And how does all this affect the run of the people? Said a Buenos Aires housewife with a shrug: "We don't worry any more. We live from day to day."

Brazil. After a six-week testing of wills with the country's fractious Congress, President João ("Jango") Goulart and his Prime Minister, Francisco Brochado da Rocha, finally managed to achieve a kind of truce. In the Brasília capital, Brochado da Rocha bluntly told Congress: "We are living at the door of a revolution. This government lacks the power to govern." That, plus his threat to resign, seemed to sink in. Legislators granted the government a package of emergency powers to keep the country together until next October's congressional elections, plus a promise to vote on returning Brazil from its unworkable parliamentary system to a strong presidency. "No more problems in Brasília," crowed Goulart. There were plenty elsewhere. Food-hoarding speculators pushed the cost of living higher still, and the cruzero was down to almost 600 to the dollar. Off to Washington, on the same route as that taken by Argentina's Alsogaray, flew Brazil's Finance Minister, Walther Moreira Salles, to seek still another stretch-out in his country's \$3 billion foreign debt.



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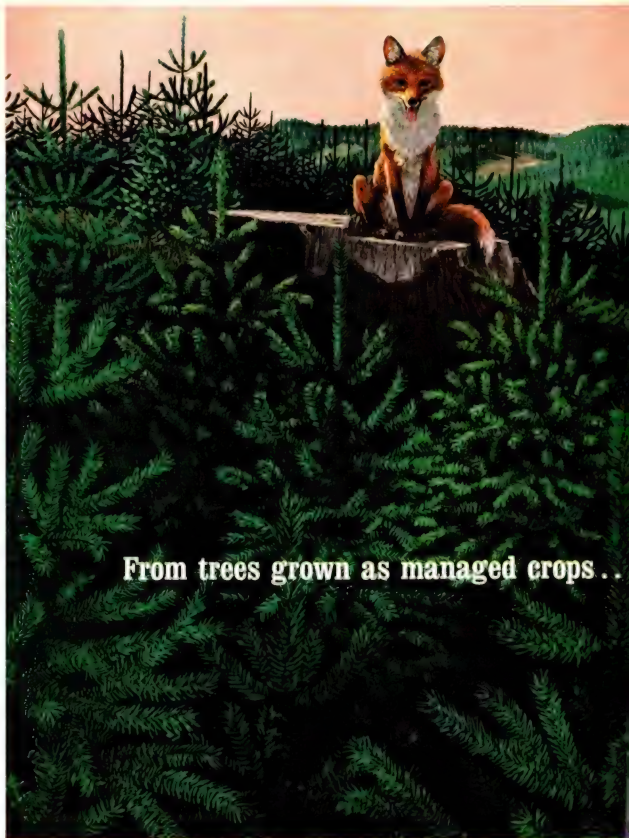
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PEOPLE

In New York County Surrogate's Court, the last will and testament of **Marilyn Monroe** was filed for probate, showing that for all her troubled personal life, her business affairs seemed in extraordinarily good order. Unencumbered by the debts, tax claims and pending lawsuits so common to Hollywood's money minters, the value of her estate was listed "in excess of \$200,000," a legalism often meaning much more. She left \$200,000 in trust for her mentally ill mother, \$20,000 to her onetime secretary, May Reis, \$93,750 to her Manhattan psychiatrist, Marianne Kris, the rest to her sister and friends, chief among them Method Director-Teacher Lee Strasberg, 60, who reportedly will get a munificent \$240,000 and all her personal belongings.

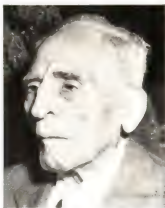
Next to Hiroshima A-bomber the *Enola Gay*, an early-model B-17D named the *Swoose* was the most famous bomber in the Pacific Theater in World War II. Named after the hybrid hero of a hit song ("Half swan, half goose, Alexander is a swoose") and piloted by a nerveless captain named Frank Kurtz, the *Swoose* flew hundreds of missions in the South Pacific, once force-landed in the Australian bush with a covey of Congressmen aboard, but was jolted back into the air by Kurtz and his crew, who earned the grateful thanks of, among others, Texas Congressman Lyndon B. Johnson. Kurtz's outfit soon was known as "The Swoose Group," and when his first child was born, newspapers headlined that the stork had delivered "a new Swoose." By some whim the name got entered on the little girl's birth certificate, and Mrs. Kurtz let it stand. Last week **Swoose Kurtz, 17**, entered the Uni-

versity of Southern California to study drama, and it was obvious that the captivating blonde was all swan.

"I quit running at 95," he said, and he gave up mowing his own lawn at 98. Now on his 100th birthday, the Grand Old Man of Athletics, **Amos Alonzo Stagg**, was still active enough to surprise some 400 friends who had gathered in Stockton, Calif., to celebrate the great day. Against medical advice (Stagg's legs are growing weak and his sight is dimming), the man who invented the T formation and the huddle, never drank, smoked or cussed (his most scathing epithet: "quadruple jackass"), unexpectedly showed up at the party, gamely limped to the speaker's platform, where he listened to the tributes of his admirers. The old coach may not have noticed it, but his former players on the football, baseball, track and basketball teams that he coached for 70 years had hung a sign testifying to their regard for his teachings: "Sorry, folks. No alcohol sold tonight. Remember that the man we are honoring has refrained from the use of alcohol for 100 years."

For two weeks, while a Swedish medical board studied her plea for a legal abortion to end the three-month pregnancy she feared might produce a thalidomide-deformed baby, Phoenix Television Actress **Sherri Finkbine**, 30, and her husband waited at a suburban Stockholm villa. As if it were not enough that the press around the world had covered her case at the highest pitch of sensationalism, the Finkbines sold exclusive rights of her personal story to a Swedish newspaper for an undisclosed sum. At last the medical board granted permission for an abortion, and Mrs. Finkbine, the mother of four normal children, immediately entered a hospital for a 45-minute operation. The doctors confirmed her fears: they announced that the drug had indeed caused abnormality in the fetus.

Scene: the White House in 1964. The "President" peers through his horn-rims at a list of Cabinet choices. For Secretary of State, Herbert Hoover; Defense, Richard Nixon; Treasury, Alf Landon. What about Nelson Rockefeller? That left-winger? A small postmastership in upstate New York. Then the President surveys his new office. "I like the décor," he says. "Jackie did it all up in 18th century style. That's right up my alley." Taking the ribbing like a potential presidential candidate should, Arizona's Republican Senator **Barry Goldwater**, 53, chuckled through a 24-hour lampooning by Atlantic City's Circus Saints and Sinners last week. Then he gave as good as he got. He, too, liked to poke fun, deadpanned Goldwater. But his sense of humor had been dampened lately by worry over his grandson. "He's too young to vote," lamented Goldwater, "and too old to be Attorney General."



COACH STAGG
At 100, a surprise.

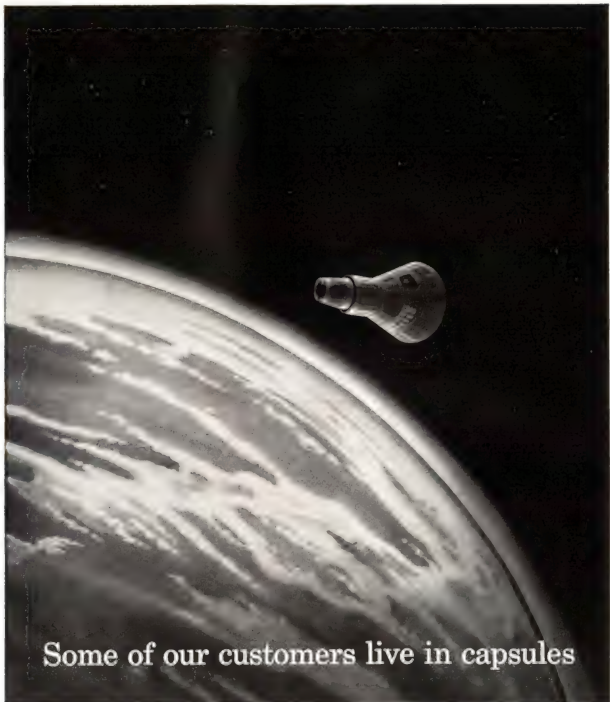
The legions of *paparazzi* had dwindled to mere platoons at Ravello, and vacationing **Jacqueline Kennedy** found it easier to relax. The lazy Mediterranean days were spent swimming at Conca dei Marini and yachting aboard Fiat Automobile Heir Gianni Agnelli's 82-foot yacht, at times taking a turn at the wheel. One night Jackie even managed to give her secret service escorts the slip, with Agnelli and her brother-in-law, Polish Prince Stanislas Radziwill, paid a 1 a.m. visit to a sidewalk café for a glass of wine and a cup of espresso. Next night Jackie was off on the yacht to the Isle of Capri, where, appropriately clad in green Capri pants, she dropped in at several dim bistros, then returned to the yacht accompanied by an Italian crooner and five mandolin players who serenaded her party on the voyage back home. Jackie had planned to stay just two weeks, but now she decided to linger on "till the end of the month, I think."



JACKIE & AUTO HEIR AGNELLI
At 1 a.m., an espresso.



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SPORT

Grim Duel at Newport

Out of Newport Harbor streamed the spectator fleet—a hundred boats of every size and description, from 15-ft. "harbor rats" with patched sails to majestic 50-ft. motor sailers adorned with bunnies in bikinis and old salts in yachting caps. Picnic baskets were broken out, and beer cans began bobbing gently in the glassy sea. But there was no merriment aboard the four sleek U.S. 12-meter yachts standing tall and aloof across the water. The final elimination trials were at hand, and crewmen waited tensely for the starting gun that would send them off, two by two, under the stern eye of the selection committee, in pursuit of U.S. yachting's biggest prize: the right to battle Australia's *Gretel* next month in defense of the 111-year-old America's Cup.

Just seven miles away, off rocky Point Judith last week, the Aussie challenger was in action too—racing against her 23-year-old trial horse, *Vim*. No spectator fleet dogged *Gretel's* wake, but day after day the crews bent to their tasks under the calculating gaze of their own, one-man selection committee, the man they call "Big Daddy": Sir Frank Packer, 55, newspaper publisher, millionaire sportsman, and boss of the Down Under syndicate that has poured \$700,000 into the white-hulled Aussie challenger. Last week Packer did not even take time off to see how his opposition was doing. "I can't be bothered about the Yanks," he snorted. "We're running our own trials here—trying to get ready."

Changes All Around. While *Gretel* has been in the U.S. only five weeks, the Yanks have been racing all summer, first in a series of "observation" trials, then on the New York Yacht Club's annual cruise. Sail lockers have been overhauled, crews weeded out, tactics plotted and replotted. Now, Henry Mercer's four-year-old *Weatherly* came out for the finals with her pale blue hull newly painted and polished. Ross Anderson's *Nefertiti*, damaged by vandals fortnight ago, was repaired and ready to go. And for the first time all summer, the mainsail on Chandler Hovey's *Easterner* seemed just right.

The biggest change was on *Columbia*, the defending America's Cup champion. An easy victor in four straight races against Britain's *Sceptre* in 1958, *Columbia* was the overwhelming early favorite to defend the cup again this year. But critics argued that Investment Banker Paul Shields, who bought *Columbia* (for about \$150,000) from a New York syndicate in 1961, had "ruined a good boat" by tampering with her (*Columbia's* keel had been shortened), that Skipper Cornelius ("Glit") Shields Jr., 28, the owner's nephew, was too young and inexperienced to handle a big America's Cup yacht.

Father & Son Team. For the final trials, *Columbia* has a new mast (cost: \$12,000) that has been stepped nine inches abaft the old one—a shift that, says Designer

Olin Stephens, should make *Columbia* more manageable in heavy seas, faster beating to windward. She also has a new crew member: canny Cornelius ("Corny") Shields Sr., Glit Shields's father, the 67-year-old "grey fox of Long Island Sound," winner of more races than any yachtsman in history. In 1956 Corny suffered a heart attack, was advised to quit racing. Last week, deciding that he would be better on the boat than undergoing agonies of frustration off her, the old sailor shared *Columbia's* cockpit with his son, *Columbia* lifted to the master's touch, first beating *Nefertiti* by a wide 5 min., 17 sec., then trimming *Easterner* by 2 min. 36 sec. over the 24-mile windward-leeward course.



AUSTRALIA'S PACKER
A gamble.

Grinned Corny Sr.: "We've got the best boat—no question about it."

But next day *Columbia* took on unbeaten *Weatherly*, which had also scored handily over *Nefertiti* and *Easterner*. Plagued by a bad jib, *Columbia* suffered her first loss (by 1 min. 13 sec.), left *Weatherly* the only unbeaten boat of the trials.

Cruising & Crackling. At the end of the first week of the final trials, only Chandler Hovey's *Easterner* seemed out of it. Owner Hovey, a crusty Boston hanker who races purely for fun, had refused to lay out the huge sums spent by other competitors; his son, grandson and son-in-law were in *Easterner's* crew, and his skipper, George O'Day, 1960 Olympic Gold Medal winner, had quit in disgust, to be replaced by Designer Ray Hunt. Said one Newporter, in a cold sailor's judgment: "They're just out for a cruise."

Far different was the crackling atmosphere on *Weatherly*, a veteran of the 1958 trials (she finished third). Owner Henry Mercer had turned out his pockets to have two feet chopped from her stern, a



GUS MOSBACHER



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TED HOOD
A tradition.

RICHARD WEEK



"GRETEL," the Australian challenger, which cost Sir Frank Packer and syndicate some \$700,000 to build and outfit, stands up stiffly—a favorable characteristic—while sailing on star-

board tack off Newport. Her awesome array of deck winches are expected to make her fast in handling sail, quick to maneuver. Trim and tough, *Gretel* aims to give U.S. defender a hard race.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KURT WEISS FOR LOOKS



"WEATHERLY" AND "COLUMBIA," seen here in tacking duel, are old foes competing on new terms. Most improved boat is *Weatherly*, which was drastically slimmed down, given new



keel, and put in hands of new skipper, Bus Moshacher. *Columbia*, 1958 winner, was also modified, including shift of mast 9 in. aft. Her new helmsman is 28-year-old Glit Shields.



"NEFERTITI," only U.S. newcomer, chases *Columbia* downwind with huge spinnaker ballooning. Designed by Sailmaker Ted Hood, Boston boat has broadest beam of 12-meter class,

to provide extra stability for huge sail area and also has lightest hull. Mast is set well back of other 12-meter masts to allow for bigger jib. She is at her best in good winds.

heavier (by 2,000 lbs.) keel cast, new sails and rigging fitted. And then there was the presence of Emil ("Bus") Moshbacher, 40, who is the kind of skipper to make any boat a contender. A genius at starts and short tacks, red-haired Bus Moshbacher runs *Ilse* with impressive efficiency. Her crew moves in practiced cadence; spinnaker jibes are accomplished in five seconds or less, tacks in as little as six seconds. Says Moshbacher: "We're the best all-round. Going to windward in winds up to 15 knots, nobody can touch us. *Columbia* is only better reaching on a very hard breeze. At no other time has she gone faster."

Nor could anyone count out broad-beamed *Nelertiti*. Despite her two straight losses in the final trials, she was still the most exciting of the twelves. Launched only three months ago, *Nelertiti* is a radical departure in 12-meter design. Her hull is 17 inches wider than any of the other U.S. twelves, and she looks more like a cutter than a sloop. But she ran up a 10-2 record in last month's windy preliminary trials, and both her losses last week could be chalked up to light breezes of 10 knots or less. How she goes from now on depends on tactician Ted Hood, 35, the Marblehead sailmaker who designed her and took over as full-time skipper after *Nelertiti*'s syndicate fired brash, hot-tempered Don McNamara, the Boston stockbroker who sailed her so well in the observation trials.

Cherished Monstrosity. Whichever boat the committee chooses will be a heavy favorite to retain the America's Cup against *Gretel* next month. Tradition is firmly with the U.S. In 111 years, the U.S. has never lost a match for the quaint Victorian monstrosity that cost 100 guineas (about \$200) new and remains securely bolted to the bottom of a glass trophy case in the New York Yacht Club.

The first race in 1851 set the pattern. To help celebrate the Crystal Palace Exhibition (the first world's fair), members of England's Royal Yacht Squadron hit on a grand scheme: invite a U.S. boat to race—and give the brash Yankee upstarts a lesson in sailing tactics. The gaudiest was swiftly picked up by Commodore John C. Stevens, a founder of the New York Yacht Club, an ardent gambler and a shrewd sailor. The terms were tough, the course was laid out around the Isle of Wight, and Stevens' 102-ft. pilot schooner *America* was to race alone against the entire Royal Yacht Squadron. At the finish line, aboard her royal yacht, Queen Victoria herself wanted to present the "100 Guineas Cup" to the winner. Finally, a hail from the bridge: "Sail ho!" "Which boat is it?" demanded the Queen. "The *America*, Madam." Said Victoria: "Oh indeed! And which is second? There was a pause, while the signalman's glass swept the horizon. "I regret to report," came the halting reply, "that there is no second."

"Yankee trickery," charged the British yachtmen, hinting darkly that black-hulled *America* was powered by some sort of "infernal machine." In the bitterness of that moment, one of sport's great

and enduring contests was born: the America's Cup became a symbol of national pride, national purpose—and, as it turned out, national frustration. The British tried 15 times to win the cup, the Canadians twice. Their combined efforts cost perhaps \$25 million, and all met with defeat at the hands of superior Yankee design, tactics, or luck. The contests were rarely close: out of 54 races for the cup, U.S. boats lost only five.

"The auld mug," Sir Thomas Lipton lovingly called it, and the merry Glasgow tea baron tried five times to win it with his majestic *Shamrock*s, only to fail and die, finally disheartened ("I willna challenge again, I canna win"), in 1875. Equally persistent was Britain's T.O.M. Sopwith, famed stunt flyer, hydroplane racer and aircraft builder (his World War



THE AMERICA'S CUP
111 years of frustration.

II Hurricanes held off the German Luftwaffe; whose *Enderbush* twice challenged for the cup, lost in 1934 only by the narrowest of margins—four races to two—40 Harold S. Vanderbilt's *Rainbow*."

Compulsive Gamble. Like Lipton and Sopwith, Australia's Sir Frank Packer is a tough, determined competitor. Asked why he had challenged for the cup Packer replied: "Alcohol and delusions of grandeur." Lusty and lantern-faced a one-time prizefighter and lifelong yachtsman Packer is known at home as a ruthless tight-fisted publisher who once laced out a reporter for spending 6c of his boss's money on a tram ride to an assignment. Packer told him to walk. Employees on his five newspapers (among them: the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* and *Sunday Telegraph*), three magazines and two TV stations sometimes refer to him as "Gorgo"—after the mad monster of the movies. Says a rival publisher: "Sir Frank will stop at nothing to save a quid or earn one." Yet he has been known to bet \$7,000 on the flip of a coin, and some of that

same compulsive gambler's plunge led him to challenge for the America's Cup.

The odds are enormous. *Gretel* is the first 12-meter yacht ever built in Australia, and her crew is untried in the boat-to-boat duels of match racing. But, says Packer, "we came to Newport for only one reason—to win," and he has spared no effort or expense. Designer Alan Payne spent twelve months and \$18,000 of Packer's money testing hull models in the tank at New Jersey's Stevens Institute. The product of those tests is a 60-ft. 5-in. hull of Honduras mahogany that took nine months to build. *Gretel*'s sails were cut from 13,070 yds. of light blue Dacron imported from the U.S.; her 90-ft. extruded aluminum mast was constructed to such rigid specifications that four one-thousandths of an inch was shaved off one section to make sure that its center of gravity was correct. "This is a national project," said Sir Frank, and Aussies everywhere were caught up in the excitement. One company donated bronze, another turned it into screws at no cost, a third gave 20 tons of lead for her keel and ballast. Local manufacturers donated the crew's sweaters, shorts, and T-shirts.

Raging Nor'easter. At home in Sydney Harbor, *Gretel* already had shown herself swift and maneuverable in medium winds. Fortnight ago, Packer gave her a sterner test. When a raging nor'easter swept into Newport from the slate-grey North Atlantic, he ordered *Gretel* to sea for a race against *Vim*. As small-craft warnings fluttered along the Rhode Island coast, the two boats ran boldly before the 25-knot wind, working up speeds as high as 12 knots, lee rails awash and scant yards of churning ocean separating their gleaming hulls. Aboard *Vim*, Helmsman Archie Robertson braced himself against the cockpit wall and strained to hold the wheel steady. Aboard *Gretel*, Skipper Jack Sturrock wiped salt spume from his eyes and cursed his broken compass.

Winches rattled, halyards sang, and pelting rain beat a steady tattoo against the sails. For more than six miles, the two boats matched swell for swell, trough for trough until it seemed that they were bound together by an invisible chain. Finally, inexorably, *Gretel* began to walk away, first by 20 yds., then 40, then 100. Desperately, Robertson eased sail; relentlessly, *Gretel* increased her margin—sliding through the heavy seas with ghostly grace. She stood high, she looted fast, she simply could not be caught—even by accident. Just one-quarter mile from the finish line, *Gretel*'s light blue Genua jib tore loose from its main clew and flopped overboard. But the damage was quickly repaired and *Gretel* swept triumphantly past Brenton Reef lightship, with *Vim* trailing in her wake.

Back in Newport Harbor, Skipper Sturrock headed for Fair Oaks, a sprawling, 27-room mansion that Sir Frank Packer has leased for the summer. Pipe clenched firmly in his teeth, Packer listened silently to Sturrock's account of *Gretel*'s race with *Vim*. "She may do," Sir Frank nodded. "She may do, after all."

RELIGION

California Schism

The Right Rev. James Albert Pike, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of California, is an eminent churchman who does not try to hide his doubts about such Christian doctrines as the Virgin Birth and the Trinity. A year and a half ago Pike's unorthodoxy led a group of High Church ministers from Georgia to demand that the House of Bishops try him for heresy (they didn't). Now Dissenter Pike is faced with a schism of dissenters right in his own diocese.

Center of the schism is the Church of the Redeemer in Palo Alto, whose parishioners are all former members of the nearby Episcopal Church of St. Mark's. Fortnight ago, the Redeemer Church's vestrymen placed ads in four Bay Area newspapers charging that Pike's radical theological views "are unacceptable to us, and contrary to the credal beliefs as set forth in the Nicene and Apostles' Creeds—the fundamental beliefs of the Protestant Episcopal Church." Although they thus claimed to be authentically Episcopalian, the vestrymen admitted that in conscience they could not return to the jurisdiction of the church until Pike changed his views or the Episcopalian House of Bishops denounced his theology. In the meantime, they describe themselves as "Orthodox Anglicans."

Rummage Sales. The principal dissenter is the rector of the Church of the Redeemer, the Rev. Edwin West, Canadian-born Schismatic West, a self-styled "eighth generation Anglican." was ordained to the ministry in 1945, became rector of St. Mark's in Palo Alto seven years later. High Churchman West has usually disagreed with the theological opinions of his bishop. Last winter, as part of a long-standing effort to get his parish to adopt tithing instead of rummage sales as a means of raising capital, West attacked some of his churchwomen from the pulpit. When the issue threatened to divide the parish, West resigned, to accept a calling as an assistant rector in Houston.

But a group of pro-West parishioners at St. Mark's refused to accept his resignation as final. They asked Pike for permission to leave St. Mark's and set up a new parish with West as rector. When the bishop refused, more than 100 members of the Parish—most of them Episcopalian conservatives who had little use for Pike's doctrinal views—organized a new congregation outside Episcopal jurisdiction and asked West to come back as rector. West announced his intention of giving up Episcopal orders, and accepted the call.

"Vacuum of Action." At the Church of the Redeemer, West and his followers observe orthodox Episcopalian teaching and worship practices, genuinely hope to return to the church some day. Their major complaint now is with the Episcopalian House of Bishops for laxly permitting Pike too great a latitude in belief. "Pike should come right out and call himself



BISHOP PIKE
The dissenter was faced . . .

a Unitarian," says one parishioner. To West, "the tragedy of all this is not so much in Bishop Pike's attitude as it is in the apparent vacuum of action within the House of Bishops. I feel that the Protestant Episcopal Church is in a demoralized condition."

Pike regards the schism as a problem of personalities rather than doctrine, and has expressed hope that "in due time" the schismatics will return to the flock. But he will not interfere with West's parish and says that once the rector's renunciation of orders goes through, "the cause of my complaint will be removed."



SCHISMATIC WEST
... by a dissenter.

Protestants to Rome

In next fall's Vatican Council, men and women who are not Roman Catholics will play two significant parts. About a hundred top Protestants and members of the Orthodox Church will attend as observer-delegates. And millions of Protestant churchgoers will be praying for the council's success.

Last week, in a letter to all U.S. dioceses, the Right Rev. Arthur Lichtenberger, presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church (3,500,000 members), stated his hope for "frequent and regular prayers offered in each parish and mission church during the time when the council is in session." Particularly appropriate, Bishop Lichtenberger thought, were three collects from the Book of Common Prayer. Among the readings: a venerable (1667) prayer for the church that asks God to fill it with truth: "Where it is corrupt, purify it; where it is in error, direct it; where in any thing it is amiss, reform it. Where it is right, establish it; where it is in want, provide for it; where it is divided, reunite it."

Guest List. The list of observers for the Vatican Council is rapidly getting filled up. So far, the World Presbyterian Alliance, the Anglican Communion, the World Methodist Council, the International Convention of Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ), the International Congregational Council, and the Lutheran World Federation have agreed to send observer-delegates, who will attend all public and some private sessions of the council. Last week in Berlin, the Council of the Evangelical Church in Germany, named as its delegate Dr. Edmund Schlink, a Lutheran ecumenical scholar from Heidelberg University. Meeting in Paris, the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches agreed to send two observers, and named as one of them Dr. Lukas Vischer from the council's permanent secretariat in Geneva. An expert on Catholicism, Dr. Vischer is little known in ecumenical circles. He is an ecclesiastical technician, capable of accurate theological reporting, but he clearly does not have the prestige or stature to speak for the World Council in Rome.

Fortnight ago, at the Vatican, Augustin Cardinal Bea's Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity announced that a limited number of religion experts would attend the council as its special guests, distinct from the appointed observer-delegates. First three named: Prior Roger Schutz and Pastor Max Thurian, both Calvinists from France's famed Protestant "monastery" at Taizé, and Lutheran Biblical Scholar Oscar Cullmann.

Jews Too? Not all non-Catholics share equally in the worldwide concern for the council. Many Orthodox churches will probably turn down the Vatican invitation on the ground that they are already members of the One, Holy and Apostolic Church; thus their metropolitans should have been invited as participating bishops, not as outside observers. Meeting in Amsterdam, the International Council of



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Christian Churches, a federation of 88 fundamentalist churches, denounced the ecumenism of the World Council of Churches, and voted not to accept an invitation to the Vatican Council even if one was offered.

Whether Jewish groups will attend the council, even in an unofficial capacity, is up in the air. At its annual convention in Miami last month, the Rabbinical Council of America, the largest organization of Orthodox rabbis in the U.S., passed a resolution disapproving any Jewish participation in the theological councils of Christian churches. But many Reform and Conservative Jews remain open to the idea.

On Second Thought . . .

Fear and doubt dominated the initial clerical reaction to the Supreme Court ruling against the New York State Board of Regents' prayer for schools. In their second thoughts most Protestant and Jewish religious figures seem to have decided that the court was right.*

Last week 46 Protestant and Jewish clergymen and lay leaders in the Kansas City area issued a statement opposing any form of worship in the public schools as an invasion of "privacy of belief." "The worship of God," said the statement, "is by nature a voluntary expression and ought not to be associated with the coercive functions of the state." Church magazines as different as the liberal *Christian Century* and the conservative *Christianity Today* have backed the court ruling. More support came last week from the big (circ. 1,136,000) *Presbyterian Life* in an editorial entitled "Keeping Our Shirt On." The regents' prayer, noted the magazine, "was really a rather limited, circumscribed prayer directed to a limited, circumscribed God."

In its next session the court is expected to decide whether other religious expressions in school—such as Bible readings and the recitation of the Lord's Prayer—also breach the wall between church and state. The justices will have a variety of such practices to think about. Last week the superintendent of Oklahoma City's public schools announced that Bible reading would continue in classes; a school district in Colonie, N.Y., decided to substitute a short period of silence for optional contemplation in place of the banned regents' prayer. In Hicksville, L.I., the board of education has approved the recitation of the rarely sung fourth stanza of *The Star-Spangled Banner*—"Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our motto: 'In God is our trust'"—as a daily prayer.

Such efforts to circumvent the court's decision seem to reflect the will of the public. Last week a Gallup poll indicated that 79% of those questioned in a nationwide survey favor the continuation of religious observances in the public schools.

* A majority of Roman Catholic leaders deplored the court decision from the start and still do. Archbishop Lawrence J. Shehan of Baltimore said a fortnight ago that "secularization threatens to become a sort of state religion established by court decree."

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TRAVEL

Opulence in the Cabin

The traveling salesman on the road these days never had it so good—and neither, for that matter, did the farmer's daughter on vacation with her husband and five children. U.S. motels, once thought of as only a place to lay down one's head overnight, are competing with one another to give Americans the most outlandishly luxurious and wildly gimmicked night's rest in the history of the middle class. Today's motels bear about as much relation to the old tourist cabin as the Baths of Caracalla do to a penny arcade, and the grander names that now adorn them signal the newest look: Motor Inns, High Rise Motor Inns, Horizontal Hotels—almost anything but motels.

Butlers & Bedspreads. Swimming pools, cocktail lounges, restaurants, wall-to-wall carpeting and TV—nowadays, they are just the beginning. Guests at the four super-motels of the Aristocrat chain in Chicago hardly notice such conveniences when they are ensconced in the "Rogue Room" at the Essex Inn, which is decorated with paintings of nude ladies and boasts a circular bed surrounded by a curtain of beads, or in Room 908 in Ascot House, which is decorated in Japanese style and comes complete with kimonos for its occupants. Ascot House also has a sidewalk café and a Café French Market where patrons may munch such continental delicacies as *escargots* and *bouillabaisse Marseillaise* (\$4.25), served by bus boys and bellhops in jockey silks. On the way is the Aristocrat chain's \$30 million, 750-room McCormick Inn, which will have three swimming pools, six restaurants, a toboggan slide and a putting green.

Not content with ordinary restaurants, Holiday Inns is planning to build ten-

story inns in downtown locations, each with a revolving restaurant on the roof. Atlanta's Americana Motor Hotel offers tropical gardens, crystal chandeliers, shops, beauty salons and underground parking, and the city's Cabana Motor Hotel's new addition will treat its guests to copies of French provincial furniture, \$140 bedspreads, a glass elevator—and split-level rooms. And at the Inn of the Six Flags, halfway between Dallas and Fort Worth, there is not only steak-dinner room service and vibrating beds for travel-weary bones, but also a three-bedroom Acapulco Suite with its own private swimming pool, patio, and full-time butler—all for \$100 a night.

Many motels now take children under 14 free, but the William Hilton Inn in Hilton Head, S.C., has a nurse and helpers who mind children and even feed them in the dining room while parents are busy elsewhere. Staid Boston is building the Fenway Commonwealth, a six-story, Continental-flavor motel with reproductions of Italian provincial furniture and atmosphere built into the walls. At the Ocean-House Motel in San Diego, waiters are dressed in 17th century costumes as British naval officers, and macaws shrill from cages as guests swim in one of the largest pools in Southern California. Other motels offer kennels for dogs, fulltime butlers, free sewing kits, cook-out facilities, bowling alleys, masseurs, Finnish saunas.

Kansas City's new Hilton Inn provides patrons with portable short-wave radios so that they can listen to jet pilots being "talked down" by the control tower of the Municipal Air Terminal outside the motel window ("Every man a bar-stool jet pilot"). Probably the farthest-out gimmick of all is the Frustration Room at Chicago's new Imperial Inn. After a nerve-twanging day of trauma and repression on the road, motorists are invited to unwind



MOTELMAN WILSON IN ORBIT



KANSAS CITY'S HILTON INN

by hurling plates, light bulbs, lamp bases, etc., at pictures of such prime targets as stop signs, traffic cops and Khrushchev, flashed on a steel-covered wall.

Chain Reaction. Because such luxuries skyrocket the cost of new motels—many cost millions to build—today's motel is more and more a big business. "To succeed today, a man needs a chain reaction," says James Philson, assistant vice president of Hilton Inns (eight motels). The biggest chain reaction in motels is Holiday Inns, founded by Kemmons Wilson, 49, a onetime Memphis contractor who took a motor trip with his wife and five children ten years ago and decided that motels were not catering sufficiently to families. In 1952 Wilson opened a 120-room motel in Memphis, with air conditioning, its own restaurant and no charge for children—inventions for that day. It caught on immediately. Today, there are more than 265 Holiday Inns in the U.S., some 63 owned by Wilson's company and the rest

operated under franchise. New Holiday Inns are opening at the rate of about one a week, and Motelman Wilson expects that eventually there will be some 3,000 in the U.S. and abroad.

Holiday and the other rapidly growing motel chains have changed not only the concept of the motel, but its appearance and location as well. On its way out is the familiar sprawling, one-story spread; most motels being built today are at least two or three stories high, and some are much higher: Chicago's new McCormick Inn will be 25 stories high. And motels are moving out of the great open spaces closer to and into the big cities, where they do not suffer the lean winter fate of their country cousins. Traveling salesmen and supervisors, still the bread and butter of motels, prefer the city's conveniences, and travelers of all sorts prefer its glittering attractions to the sterile night life of most country motels. Even in Manhattan, which has the biggest collection of hotels in the U.S., five motels have been built in the last three years.

Prices at motels are naturally steeper than before—from \$10 all the way up to \$100. But many motel patrons nowadays seem to think they can recoup at least part of their money. One of the new motel's biggest problems is pilfering. Patrons inclined to walk off with mere towels and ashtrays in hotels—things they can pack into a suitcase—are not so inhibited in motels, which have no lobby gauntlet that must be run. Pictures, lamps, bed linen, even chairs, desks, and an occasional TV set disappear directly into cars. There is nothing motel operators can do about it but write theft off as an operating expense—and include it in the rates.

CUSTOMS

In the Stars

Through the five boroughs of New York City last week prowled a dozen inspectors of the Department of Markets, their eyes peeled as usual for butchers with a thumb on the scales or too much fat in the hamburger. But they were snooping—perhaps uneasily—for a different kind of quarry: the soothsayers, crystal-gazers, palmists and tea-leaf readers who gull money by the barrelful for telling people what the future will bring, and thereby are liable to prosecution as "disorderly persons."

More surprising than the seedy collection of fakery and phonies, love potions and hex-chasers that the inspectors are turning up is the source of the current campaign: New York's astrologers, who complained that the racketeers and pseudo astrologers were giving them a bad name. But astrology has not always had a good name to lose—and for good measure the investigators decided to investigate the astrologers as well.

Delicate Operation. In the U.S. today, there are some 5,000 fulltime astrologers and about 100,000 part-timers who collect an estimated \$100 million a year from among the more than 10 million true believers (86% of them female). Nearly 1,000 U.S. newspapers, with a daily cir-

culation of some 40 million, carry astrological columns with such thumbnail profundities as: "**Leo** (July 22 to August 21): *Avoid investing unwisely or trying to outdo the experts when you have not had sufficient practice or knowledge. Listen intently instead. Stand up under pressure admirably.*"

To prehistoric men, who observed the influence of the sun on the seasons and the moon on the tides, it was not illogical to believe that the five visible planets of the solar system had their own varied and subtle influences on man. Over the millennia, a system was evolved, assigning certain characteristics to the cosmic forces (Venus, love; Mars, will, etc.) and charting their position in twelve divisions of the year called Signs and Houses. The relation of these elements at the instant of birth (what Sign was rising, which planets



ASTROLOGER ZOLAR
Mysticism for the masses.

were in which Signs and Houses, etc.), astrologers believe, predisposes the individual in certain directions, which in turn will be played upon by the movements of the planets throughout the rest of his life. Thus, though the "casting" of a horoscope is comparatively easy, the interpretation of the vastly complicated charts and symbols is a delicate psychological operation.

Big-Name Believers. The ancients accepted astrology as a matter of course. Hippocrates once said that "a physician without a knowledge of astrology has no right to call himself a physician," and the Magi of St. Matthew's Gospel who followed the star to Bethlehem were astrologers. The Roman Catholic Church today condemns serious belief in astrology as a grave sin; but as a man of his time, the great St. Thomas Aquinas held that "the celestial bodies are the cause of all that takes place in the sublunar world." Among modern believers, the worst advertisement is Adolf Hitler, who had five astrologers charting a course for him. Perhaps the

most surprising was J. P. Morgan: he regularly consulted Astrologer Evangeline Adams, who, when haled into court, did so accurate a horoscope of the judge's son that the judge dismissed the case.

Today, not surprisingly, Hollywood contains the two astrologers best known for their "personal work." Carroll Righter, 62, has numbered among his clients such notables as Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Tyrone Power, Peter Lawford, Marlene Dietrich, Dick Powell, Van Johnson, Arlene Dahl, and Maria Montez (a prize exhibit because she was warned in 1951 that the first week of September, an adverse time in her chart, would bring her danger from water, and drowned in her bathtub on Sept. 7). Righter's rival is veteran Stargazer Blanca Holmes, who boasts her own long list of big names, including the late Marilyn Monroe, Paula and Susan Strasberg and Clifford Odets.

The Highbrows. Southern California also has a small group of highbrow astrologers who are trying to relate their ancient "science" to the modern sciences of space physics and psychology. Such is intense young Sidney Omarr, 36, a senior news editor for CBS Radio in Los Angeles, who also writes a seven-day-a-week syndicated column on astrology. "The present trend in astrology is research," he says. "Instead of adhering to the old textbooks, ethical astrologers are studying more psychology. We know what the planets show about a person, but we don't know what to tell him to do about it."

But just about the most prosperous astrologer of all is not much interested in personal psychology. Zolar—a onetime clothing salesman named Bruce King who got into the horoscope game when a highly popular astrologer quit a radio program King was managing—receives and answers queries by mail, telephone, and telegraph, and never sees a client. Instead, he saturates the mass market with a riposte of astrological merchandising distributed through newsstands, drug and dime stores: *Zolar's Book of Forbidden Knowledge*, *Zolar's Official Astrology Magazine*, *Zolar's Official Dream Book*. Last week the great Zolar was upset, he said, by New York's investigation "because it casts aspersions on the legitimate science of astrology. There is a world of difference between scientific astrology and what the quacks practice. I despise crystal-gazers, gypsies and tea-readers, who fleece the public. Something should be done about them."

FOOD

What Mother Used to Make

Home cooking is on the way out. Reported President Max Jaeger of the Food Service Executives Association, Inc., at the association's convention in New Orleans last week: 37% of the food eaten in the U.S. is now prepared by professionals—in hotels, restaurants, the armed forces, freezing plants or canning factories. Professional food preparation has boomed up 27% in the last 20 years. The result: a shortage of good chefs and cooks.



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ART

Boris Pasternak's Father

Elderly ladies in lace jabots and starchy polite gentlemen in somewhat frayed double-breasted black suits filled five small rooms in Munich's Municipal Gallery. They were members of Munich's large Russian colony, and they had come to see their own past reflected in an exhibition of paintings and drawings by Leonid Pasternak, father of the late Russian poet-novelist, Boris.

The drawings, all done with a swinging and resonant network of strokes, were portraits of some of the chief figures of Russia's pre-Revolution Parnassus—Sergei Rachmaninoff, Feodor Chaliapin, Alexander Pushkin, Leo Tolstoy—all close friends of the artist. There was a startling psychological study of Lenin, done in 1921, which captures his aggressive intelligence. From Pasternak's later period in Berlin there was a sketch of a dark-haired, mustachioed Albert Einstein playing the violin. Most of the 82 charcoal, pastel, chalk and red pencil drawings in the show demonstrated Pasternak's talent for capturing a fleeting moment of gentleness and humanity—a talent that made many an aging visitor stop, catch his breath and murmur: "Ah, that is the way I knew him too."

Nosed Out by a Girl. The show in Munich was brought together this month to honor the centennial of Pasternak's birth in Odessa in 1862. His ambitious parents wanted him to be a doctor, scratched together enough to send him to medical school in Moscow. But Pasternak had no stomach for dissection, and, after a brief attempt to get through law school, decided to give in and fulfill his burning ambition to be an artist. He applied for an opening at the Moscow Academy of Arts, was nosed out by a girl whom he was to encounter many years later as Countess Tolstoy. Pasternak went instead to Munich and studied for two years,

Back in Moscow in 1892, he was asked to help turn out illustrations of a deluxe edition of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. The Pasternak family became intimate friends of the Tolstoys, frequently visiting Yasnaya Polyana, the novelist's country estate near Tula. Pasternak made some memorable sketches of Tolstoy working with a scythe in the wheat fields.

A Wounded Soldier. In the 20 years before World War I, Pasternak developed into one of the most representative of Russian artists, painting in the typical Russian palette, which tends to emphasize a sort of oriental drug coloring of dusty blues and darkish reds. The 26 oil, tempera and watercolor paintings in the Munich show demonstrate that, though influenced by the early impressionists, his style could scarcely be called modern. He scorned his fellow Russian, Kandinsky, the first major abstractionist. In 1914, at

the beginning of World War I, Pasternak drew a war poster showing a wounded soldier, which became immensely popular even though the Czar criticized it on the ground that it aroused pity rather than admiration for bravery. Four years later the Soviet government used the same poster as anti-war propaganda.

Pasternak's political beliefs were ambiguous. After he and his wife and two daughters left Russia in 1921, leaving Boris and his brother Alexander behind, he never again saw Russia. In Berlin he became a success all over again, was able to collect a sociable circle of intellectuals and almost re-create the happy pre-war Moscow days. Yet shortly before the Nazis took over Germany, Pasternak tried to return to Russia, could not get in, went to England instead. He spent the war years as a sick and half-forgotten man, still hoping to go back to Russia, and died in Oxford in 1945 at the age of 83. On his easel was an unfinished portrait of Lenin, which he had been trying to do from memory.

A Town Full of Sculpture

The butcher outside his shop in Spoleto, Italy, leans against an ancient Roman wall topped by an abstract angel of golden bronze. Women in rusty black shawls on their way to Mass at the Church of San Domenico step gingerly past a giant iron spider. Families sipping Campari in a sidewalk café ponder a guitar cut from steel and mounted on a flatcar. All over town, modern sculptures of bronze and steel and iron loom over fountains, peer from alleys (see color). Now that the initial shock is wearing off, the *Spoletani* are getting used to and even beginning to like what they see, and art lovers from outside are ecstatic.

Beginning five years ago, the ancient town in the green Umbrian hills of central Italy has been the annual host of Gian Carlo Menotti's vaunted Festival of Two Worlds. Primarily a cultural Chau-tauqua of contemporary music and modern drama, the festival seemed to need another dimension. Last year Giovanni Carandente, ebullient gadfly in Italy's slow-moving museum bureaucracy, and champion of Italian sculptors in the international art markets, met Menotti and suggested a sculpture exhibition in the streets of the town.

Sorcerer's Apprentice. Enthusiast Menotti agreed, and Carandente went to work. Britain's Henry Moore promised to lend his totemlike *Glenkiln Cross* and a bronze *Reclining Figure*. Top Italian sculptors like Manzù and Marinini were easily persuaded to lend important pieces. Invitations went out to leading sculptors around the world to exhibit their work—not for prizes, but for the sheer satisfaction of showing them to a large audience out-of-doors, as ornaments for a beautiful town. Contributions came from Picasso, Arp, Armitage, Giacometti, Butler and dozens of others.

But Carandente also wanted sculpture created expressly for Spoleto, and sought help from Italsider, Italy's state-controlled



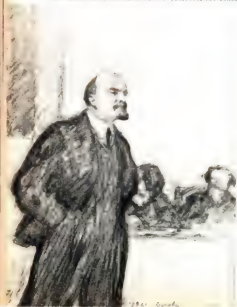
EINSTEIN



CHALIAPIN

PASTERNAK'S LENIN

"Ah, that is the way I knew him too."



TOP: LYDIA SLATER PASTERNAK & WIFE, JOSEPHINE PASTERNAK

MODERN ART IN OLD SPOLETO

"SCULPTURE" (1960), by Denmark's Robert Jacobsen, is part of sculpture display in Italy's ancient city of Spoleto.



Architectural model by Robert Jacobsen, 1960.

ETIENNE-MARTIN'S ballooning *Booz* (1953) looks rather like flipped pooch begging food from happy festival visitors.



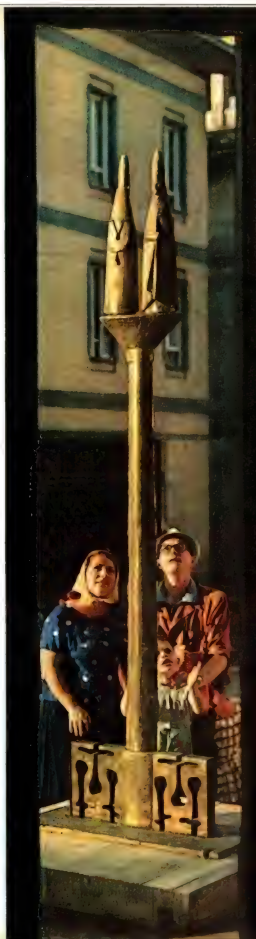


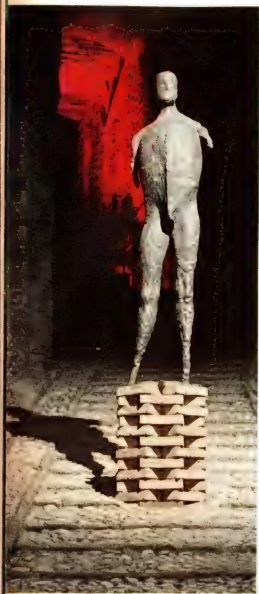
ROMAN AMPHITHEATER built in first century A.D. is setting for David Smith's ambitious display. Sculptor-Welder

Smith planned to do but one piece, got carried away and did 16, largest entry in festival, which has 100 items by 52 sculptors.



'BIG KEY'—done in 1925, by Italy's Giacomo Manzù, is ingenious work topped by two conical cardinals, which are a favorite Manzù subject.





GERMAINE RICHIER'S *Don Quixote of the Forest* (1951), work of the late French sculptress, stands as silent sentinel before this dark, mysterious alley.



ALEXANDER CALDER, having gone from mobiles to stabiles, displays his menacing *Black Widow* (1950) before the ancient Church of San Domenico.

steelmaker, Italsider agreed to provide big ironworking shops for ten sculptors (three Americans, one Englishman, six Italians)—an invitation that appealed most of all to David Smith, one of the U.S.'s most active artist-welders.

Three days after Smith arrived at Italsider's Voltri mill near Genoa, Carandente telephoned to find out how he was doing. He was stunned to learn that Smith had already turned out six pieces. How could the festival display six Smiths when it was showing only two Mooses? Unperturbed, Smith went back to work, planning to finish four more by the end of the week. Menotti was incredulous. Carandente was appalled. After a few days they phoned Smith again, were jolted to hear him announce that there were now 16 pieces cooling in the mill.

Feeling like the sorcerer's apprentice, Carandente desperately sought to find some place for the gusher of art he had tapped. Finally he hit upon a 1st century Roman amphitheater near Spoleto's Piazza della Libertà. A few days before the Festival of Two Worlds opened, an enormous truck lumbered into town from the Voltri mill groaning with no fewer than 25 pieces by David Smith.

Lasting Effect. The show closes at the end of August, but a number of souvenirs will remain in Spoleto as a permanent reminder of the summer when 166 works by 52 sculptors enlivened its streets and piazzas. David Smith has donated a circle pierced by a swirling, wavelike bar, supported by a pair of pincers ("It has more grace than most of my work, so I thought it belonged there"); Lynn Chadwick's batlike, three-legged *Stranger III* will remain on the ramp leading up from the *duomo*; Nino Franchini's leaping spire of torn steel will stay on the spot where it was made, a cleft between two ancient houses.

Still under construction this week is the piece that caps the whole show: Alexander Calder's permanent contribution. After being asked to make a mobile, the sculptor sent detailed sketches with a note saying, "I am sending you a stabile." Calder's "stabile" consists of an arch 59 ft. high and 49 ft. wide, weighing 30 tons and looming over the town's northern entrance. It rates the title of largest piece of modern metal sculpture in the world. When welding is complete, it could cost more to remove than it cost to make. So it, too, will stay in Spoleto.

It seems likely that the Spoleto show will have a lasting effect. It has proved once and for all to Italians that there is something more interesting to look at in the way of outdoor sculpture than the pompous equestrian statues of Victor Emmanuel II, which clutter up many of their piazzas. The naked use of common industrial methods to produce sculpture has stripped away much of the mystery of the craft; has humanized what had been before a less than generally appreciated art form. Last week an ironmonger who had been hired to fasten steel straps around the bases of several statues said confidently: "I think I'll make some sculptures myself."

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EDUCATION

Talent Census

Vital to the overnight build-up of the U.S. Army Air Forces in World War II were the new aptitude tests that transformed bakers and brokers into pilots, bombardiers and navigators. The tests downplayed such culture-linked criteria as college degrees and IQs. Instead, they matched raw abilities to the skills needed.

The chief designer of those tests, Harvard-trained Psychologist John C. Flanagan, is now professor of psychology at the University of Pittsburgh and one of the nation's top testmakers. *e.g.*, his non-profit American Institute for Research tests prospective pilots for U.S. and foreign airlines. Experience has persuaded him that thousands of Americans are mis-cast in wrong careers, and so he is busy with a far-reaching cure: Project TALENT, "the first scientifically planned national inventory of human talents."

Ability Pinpointed. With hefty support from the U.S. Office of Education, the National Institute of Mental Health, the Office of Naval Research and the National Science Foundation TALENT has already tested 440,000 high school students

—one out of every 20 in the U.S.—and begun tracking their career orbits for the next 25 years. The purpose is to pinpoint the students' abilities, trace the impact (or nonimpact) of U.S. education on their development, and follow their failures and successes through the 1980s. Last week Flanagan issued the first of many progress reports: *Design for a Study of American Youth* (Houghton Mifflin; \$5).

Shortcomings Isolated. In a sophisticated sampling of the nation's 26,000 high schools, Flanagan & Co. picked 1,353 public, private and parochial schools of all sizes, from Alaska to Manhattan, to get a thorough blanketing of high school youth from every conceivable background. For two days in 1960, kids at these schools tackled 23 newly designed aptitude and achievement tests, covering everything from creativity to visualization in three dimensions. Brief themes revealed their interests and ambitions, from welding to the U.S. presidency. Questionnaires probed personalities and family backgrounds, from papa's income to the size of the living-room library.

In return, Flanagan got 5,000,000 cards packed with one billion bits of informa-

tion, which is now being organized and analyzed by Pitt's computers. Among preliminary discoveries:

► English teaching is slipshod: only one out of 100 kids produced a five-minute theme without mistakes in grammar, spelling or usage.

► Reading comprehension is low: the average U.S. twelfth-grader understands only 67% of what he reads in Louisa May Alcott's *Eight Cousins*, only 28% of Thomas Mann's *Dr. Faustus*. The rate for magazines is 78% for *Modern Screen* and *Silver Screen*, 54% for the *Saturday Evening Post*, 35% for *TIME* and 28% for the *Atlantic*.

► U.S. schools need more individual pace-setting to unleash the gifted: about 30% of ninth-graders scored higher on general information tests than average twelfth-graders.

► Reviewing is an overlooked art: tenth- and eleventh-grade girls knew less about science than girls in ninth grade.

As TALENT's guinea pigs report in at one-, five-, ten- and 20-year intervals, the schools will be able to see how they could have done a better job in developing individual abilities. But Project TALENT is only a means of measuring U.S. education. As always, better teaching requires better teachers.

THE UNIVERSITIES & FEDERAL MONEY Impoverishment by Riches

THIS year the U.S. Government will spend nearly \$1 billion on research and development in universities and related laboratories—about 70 times as much as it spent in 1940. The federal research funds provide the schools with roughly one-quarter of their total operating income and more than two-thirds of their research budget. The effects of this flood of money—the biggest influence on U.S. campuses in this century—are now being debated across the country: Is the easy wealth distorting the entire spirit and purpose of U.S. universities?

"Research Factories." The problem is being studied at 23 major campuses by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. It has stirred worried words from Princeton's President Robert F. Goheen, the University of Chicago's Chancellor George W. Beadle, and Harvard's President Nathan M. Pusey, who recently issued a report summing up Harvard's philosophy: the university "will serve society well only as it remains true to its essential nature—a university, not an agency of government."

Unquestionably, federal support has richly benefited universities in new facilities, sharply improved faculty skills and graduate training. Yet in the process many universities are fast becoming "contract research factories." In 1958-59, for example, the U.S. supplied 67.2% of Johns Hopkins' operating income, 78.2% of M.I.T.'s, and 83.6% of Caltech's.

Accepting Is Expensive. Critics worry that universities are shortchanging themselves by accepting the money. As non-profit institutions, universities may not make a profit on Government research, and to guarantee that they do not, Congress has set conditions that actually force universities to subsidize federal research. In taking on a federal project, the university incurs extra costs—more heating, lighting, cleaning, postage, additional teachers to replace researching faculty men. Since the Government pays only part of these extra costs, the university must dip into tuition and endowment.

The National Institutes of Health puts a ceiling on reimbursing these indirect costs: 15% of direct costs. Congress is now mulling ceilings on research grants from the AEC, the Defense Department, the National Science Foundation, and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. In 1959 federal research cost universities an extra \$95 million.

But impoverishment by riches is only one of the strange strains that federal money puts on schools. Among professors,

the academic pecking order has made the research grant, in the cutting words of Critic Jacques Barzun, "tantamount to a patent of nobility." Moreover, most federal research is still confined to a few great universities with a corner on great scholars.

Even at favored universities, a flood of federal money for some specific purpose makes one department a rich empire, leaves others poor foundlings. Princeton's Goheen sees "a marked and dangerous trend" to skimp on undergraduate education. More and more professors now devote full time to research—often far off-campus—and see no undergraduates at all.

Bucking Big Science. One way to take the pressure off universities is to take the load of big research projects off the universities proper. At hand is a convenient device: the great research centers, mostly war-bred and usually off-campus, which universities run under contract to federal agencies. They include California's Los Alamos, Livermore and Lawrence Radiation Laboratories; M.I.T.'s Lincoln and Servomechanisms Laboratories; Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory and Chicago's Argonne National Laboratory.

Spending more than half of this year's federal-university research outlay, these

GOHEEN



BEADLE



WEINBERG





SPEETH (RIGHT) & CAST OF "ORPHÉE"
A lift over the horizon.

Sophocles in the Slums

The solidly Negro area around Philadelphia's Chester A. Arthur School is the kind of poverty-ridden slum where more than 40% of the people are on relief and illegitimacy is common. Yet last week some of the area's most "hopeless" youngsters aged eight to twelve, put on a boffo

centers tend to siphon scientists away from teaching, but they also get research done—and perhaps in its proper place. Though he prefers keeping research and teaching under one roof, Chicago's Chancellor Beadle is impressed by the system in Britain, where medical research units work off-campus, "free of teaching chores and administration overhead."

One fervent advocate of expanding the U.S. centers is Physicist Alvin M. Weinberg, onetime researcher at the University of Chicago and now director of Oak Ridge National Laboratory. Worried that universities are being invaded by "Big Science," which turns professors into "operators" frantically "spending money instead of thought," Weinberg suggests that new technical universities and graduate schools be clustered around the centers. Already adept at handling the federals, the centers might thus shield universities from Big Science's "triple disease—journalitis, moneyitis, administratitsis."

Able to Say No. Meanwhile, a hopeful sign is the new Federal Office of Science and Technology, created in June to coordinate the research contracts of 75 federal agencies. The new office will police wasteful duplication of research projects, and perhaps curb research empire-building.

So far, the universities feel more threatened by pressures and distortions than by outright federal control, but that remains a worry. Predictably, this fear makes them want money from other sources. "We can protect ourselves," says Chicago's Beadle, "by keeping available sufficient uncommitted funds to say no to any proposal that threatens our independence."

production of Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* in the Yeats translation. They had already staged Cocteau's *Orphée* at their 60-seat Philadelphia Theater for Children, an abandoned slum building. Equally adept at Shakespeare, the kids cheerily greeted each other with "What ho varlet?" and "How now, spirit! Whither wander you?"

The force behind all this is 15-year-old Christopher Speeth, the only white teacher at 76-year-old Arthur School. A lawyer's son, Speeth grew up in Cleveland with a bewildering variety of talents. He began studying the violin at 13, won numerous musical competitions while also acting at the Cleveland Playhouse. He also painted; Washington's National Gallery owns some of his work. In high school, he won third prize at the National Science Fair for building a symbolic logic computer. At Kenyon College ('60), he majored in math.

More Fun with T.S. In 1961, Speeth took a job teaching second grade at Arthur School, where he was appalled at "basal" readers such as *Fun with Dick and Jane*. He reasoned that apart from the intrinsic fatuousness of the books Negro slum kids could not have much in common with the middle-class white children who are the characters in the books. Speeth junked the books. Appealing to his children's imaginations, Speeth substituted T. S. Eliot's *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*. Later, in fifth grade, he handed out mimeographed excerpts from Baldassare Castiglione's 16th century *Book of the Courtier*. He soon had youngsters memorizing Yeats and Shakespeare—and writing creditable poetry.

Last Christmas, Speeth's fifth graders staged *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, went on to an uncut version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This summer a church volunteered use of the vacant "theater" building, where Speeth and volunteer collegians held six-hour daily classes for 101 kids in literature, music appreciation, dancing and dramatics, with play rehearsals after hours.

Praise from Scholars. The effect on Speeth's troubled youngsters has been momentous. One little girl, 11, whose 14-year-old brother is already a father, has blossomed into a promising soprano. A boy of eleven, whose father tied one of the boy's brothers to a chair and beat him to death, is busily learning the child-prince role in the summer's last production, Arthur Purnell, 11, used to be classified as "retarded" because, says Speeth, "he gives funny answers to people he doesn't like." The same boy's diction in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* elicited a glowing letter from one of the University of Pennsylvania's top Shakespeare scholars.

Arthur is one of the more than 20 heavily Negro schools in Philadelphia that are striving mightily to emulate New York City's pioneering "Higher Horizons" program. The premise is that a child who can look, figuratively, over the horizons of a slum will get out of it. Speeth has lifted the horizon to the loftiest levels of literary and artistic achievement—and has made an exemplary success of it.

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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

Murder Necessitated

When Jeff Baker turned up on TV six years ago, he was a puny, pampered high-school kid. But burning love soon made a man of him, standing trial for murder sobered him, marriage gave him strength, annulment brought him misery, alcoholism aged him, and—all the while—pericarditis, the dread killer disease, haunted him. Thanks to such experiences, Jeff aged 15 years in just six, growing up to become groovy, talented Jeff Baker, 13, pianist, composer, company president, and the worshiped mate of Penny, his no-nonsense wife. Small wonder that Jeff became the most important figure in *As the World Turns*, the biggest show on daytime television.

But while Jeff manfully suffered catastrophe on camera, Mark Rydell, the actor who plays him, winced at success backstage. Held to the show by salary and sentiment (\$20,000 and 5,000 fan letters a year), Rydell pined for Hollywood, where offers to direct television taunted him. Worse, he bolted from the program for two weeks at a time to take on summer-stock roles, forcing the show's agonized writers to send Jeff out of town on a business trip or—"I got it!"—out to Hollywood for a recording date. To the show's producers, Mark Rydell had become a problem that needed to be solved. So had Jeff. After weathering so much misfortune, he and Penny had become distressingly stable.

Last week the producers found a solution to both problems. Into the script they had the show's writers insert a scene in which Jeff's life is unceremoniously snuffed out—and with it Rydell's career in *As the World Turns*. This week

Jeff is scheduled to die in an automobile accident, thrown from the wreckage of his car out onto the rainy highway. Said the show's producer, smiling over Jeff's lifeless form: "A loved one passes—it's good for the story."

THEATER

Dark Side of the Masque

The escaped convict in this week's production of *The Desperate Hours* at the Mincola Playhouse on Long Island is a Negro—Sammy Davis Jr. When first seen on Broadway seven years ago, he was white—Paul Newman. Davis' talents give the role a snarling power it has seldom had since Newman played it, and it scarcely matters that the convict has changed his race. All the same, Davis' presence in the play is remarkable; it is one of the very few times that a Negro actor has stepped into a part specifically written for a white man. Negro actors are almost always type-cast by skin color alone, denied parts well within their talents and within an audience's capacity to find them believable.

Negro Heavies. There are signs that the barriers may at last be breaking down. While Davis was rehearsing with a mixed cast on Long Island, Dorothy Dandridge made her debut at the Highland Park, Ill., Music Theater as *West Side Story's* Anita, a Puerto Rican role. Such occasional successes only heighten the general sense of frustration that Negro actors share. Dorothy Dandridge and Sammy Davis in summer stock can be accounted for by their great box office appeal. But for the journeyman Negro actor—and even for such established Negro stars as Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil and Dihann Carroll—there is a disconcerting



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scarcity of parts. "It's very discouraging," says Miss Dandridge. "Sometimes they'll hire actresses and shade them with make-up until they're down to the color I am to play a role I could play as well."

Negroes of undeniable talent are welcome in opera—no one thinks it odd to find Leontyne Price singing *Tosca*, despite the white singer in the romantic lead opposite her. The ballet, too, has recognized Negro talent and given dancers parts that ignore their color: at the New York City Ballet Arthur Mitchell dances a wide range of the repertory, including *pas de deux* with white ballerinas. The historical distance and artistic level of the classics give roles an existence apart from those who play them, an advantage that modern theater unavoidably lacks. But despite its tradition of realism, modern American theater—stage, films and television—has been slow to grant Negroes a place. One in every ten Americans is Negro, yet most scripts call for no Negroes at all. "How can you have a play called *Subways Are for Sleeping*," protests Sammy Davis, "and not have Negroes in it? The subways are full of Negroes."

Reluctance to cast Negroes has two chief sources. "Either the producers are worried about how the South will like it," Davis says, "or they're afraid to make a Negro a 'heavy' because they think the N.A.A.C.P. or somebody won't like it. It's equally stupid on both sides." The roles that remain are scarce and sometimes harmful to the actor, and many Negro actors can find no work at all. "Qualified people are not even allowed to audition," says Diahann Carroll, star of the Broadway musical, *No Strings*, which owes its faint critical success entirely to her.

Extra Cats. Negroes do not want parts that would be visually ludicrous or uncomfortable. Casting a Negro in a romantic movie opposite a white star would unquestionably demand that the script explain his presence, if not concentrate on it. A Negro actor playing the part of a president of a major corporation would probably require "white face" to be realistic—a clearly ridiculous possibility. But many roles remain: doctors, detectives, soldiers, salesmen—all the postures and places in which a Negro might logically expect to find himself. "The actors are there, they're waiting, they could do it, but they never get a part," Davis says. "The way you got to do it is bring a couple of guys with you. I'm a star. I can make some demands, and one of them always is to make room for a couple other cats."

Davis has had more luck than any other Negro in playing major roles that have little or nothing to do with race. He played the title role in Broadway's *Mr. Wonderful* six years ago ("It shocked a lot of people, but then they said, 'Yeah, O.K.'"), as he will next year in a musical version of Clifford Odets' *Golden Boy*. "There's a basic fairness in this country the audiences have had right along," he says. "But only a few producers are hip to it."



DRUMMER JAMES BRADLEY JR.
Mixing boogie-woogie and mambo.

NEW FACES

"I'm Gene Krooper"

Drummer James Bradley Jr. looks like the very spirit of the sideman—brow intent, eyes unsmiling, face masked in hazy boredom. When Los Angeles television station KTLA signed him to a 26-week contract last month, no one was surprised: Bradley is an exceptional drummer. He can play three-beat rhythms with one hand while he plays four-beat with the other. He can switch hands instantly to travel from the bone-dry clatter of the wood block to the rich depth of the snare. He can embark on one beat, switch to another, then return to the original without a hitch. He never misses a rim shot, and his timing is faultless. What is more, James Bradley Jr. is only four.

Though his parents are professional musicians (they play cocktail music together—mother on piano, father on drums), James learned most of his art on his own. His father bought him his first set of real drums only a few months ago, and though James is still too short to sit down behind them, he has already surpassed his father as a drummer. On his television debut he appeared with his mother to play *Caravan*, treated his listeners to a long solo break that sounded like Krupa. "He's a great little ham," said the station's delighted program director, who stole time from Lionel Hampton's band to make room for James.

Now that James is a professional, he lives by spartan rule. He is first to rise in his family, plays quietly with his toy cars until the others are awake. He practices deep into the morning, then plays with his three-year-old brother until afternoon, when he invariably demands another practice session. James's love for the drums has left him altogether drummy. When asked his name, he soberly replies: "I'm Gene Krooper."

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MEDICINE

Seat Belts & Safety

Dodger Catcher Roy Campanella was driving at only 30 m.p.h. one winter evening in 1958, when his car skidded into a utility pole. Despite the moderate speed, Campy broke his bull neck in the crack-up; he was paralyzed for life, from the chest down. Just one year later, Campy was driven into another accident. This time the car was going 40; the driver and two other passengers wound up in a hospital. But Campy was unhurt. Having learned the hard way that most traffic accidents happen at low speeds and close to home, the ex-hallplayer was wearing a seat belt—a safety device that

belt, and compared the results with crashes involving unbelted drivers. Seat belts, the patrolmen concluded, prevented injury in 42% of the accidents, reduced the severity of injuries in 16%, and prevented death in almost 5%.

For motorists who have been worried that the belt itself might cause injury, there was reassurance from both California and a Cornell University study: in only a fraction of 1% of accidents did belts cause injury, and even when they did, there was always the possibility that without them the injuries would have been worse. As for the hazard of being trapped by a belt in a burning or submerged car, the National Safety Council



CHILD'S BIB-TYPE SAFETY HARNESS & ADULT BELT
The same for the back seat too.

his friends could not be bothered with.

Last week safety experts figured that some 3,300,000 (more than 5%) of the nation's 64 million passenger cars are already fitted with safety belts, at least for the front seats. This is a threefold increase over last year, and the number is expected to double again by year's end. Main reason: five states (Mississippi, New York, Rhode Island, Virginia and Wisconsin) have passed laws requiring all new cars to be equipped with seat belts in the rear future.

In Fire or Flood. The A.M.A., insurance companies, the National Safety Council and state highway authorities have been advocating the use of seat belts for years, but they have usually larded their arguments with such vague and unprovable estimates as "universal use of seat belts would save 4,000 lives a year." Hospital emergency rooms and surgeons who specialize in trauma (injury) cases rarely check on whether accident victims were wearing seat belts.

Now the California Highway Patrol has made detailed studies of 699 accidents in which the driver was wearing a seat

says: "The belt greatly improves your chances of survival. It helps to keep you conscious, so you can get clear of the car."

Free to Squirm. Doctors, who are among the first to see the gory results of road accidents, have been leaders in the drive for belt safety. Says the A.M.A.'s past president, Leonard W. Larson: "About one of every five physicians has seat belts in his car. Besides being a safety measure, they reduce the strain on the back, and reduce general body fatigue."

More than 70 different makes of front-seat belts have been approved by various state authorities; yet despite the wide choice it is still difficult to find a belt fit for children up to the age of six. What the kids really need is a sturdy harness that can be anchored to the floor but will leave the wearer free to squirm and move in any direction except forward.

Some manufacturers are already talking of a harness for adults too—an arrangement of shoulder straps similar to those worn by aircraft pilots. Even with only a safety belt, the human body can briefly withstand a force equivalent to 60 times that of gravity.

Those Aching Feet

When 118 men and women lifted their eyes and hands from their patients' feet long enough to form the National Association of Chiropractors in Chicago back in 1912, they took a long step from simple corn-cutting toward professional status. Last week, as 1,000 (out of 8,100) members gathered in Washington for their 50th anniversary meeting, the chiropractors stood under the more elegant name (adopted in 1958) of the American Podiatry Association.⁶ And to attest the importance of foot health, there were concurrent gatherings of such satellite groups as the American College of Foot Surgeons, American Association of Hospital Podiatrists, American College of Foot Roentgenologists, American Academy of Practice Management for Chiroprody-Podiatry, and the National Board of Chiroprody Examiners.

In this gathering of foot-minded men, the man who represents hope of relief from corns, calluses, bunions and fallen arches to most of the footsore world got a strangely ambivalent reception. Dr. William M. Scholl, one of two surviving founders of the association, got a special Golden Anniversary award. And his exhibit for Chiroprody Supply Headquarters, Inc., which he owns, was a mecca for even the most self-consciously professional podiatrists who were shopping for good equipment. But because his name is plastered across the 101 Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Shops in the U.S. (and 423 overseas), and because it appears on millions of yellow packages of corn pads, medicated disks, bunion pads and arch supports that are sold annually, Dr. Scholl himself was treated as if tarred with commercialism.

Toes in His Pocket. Though podiatrists view him as a purveyor of do-it-yourself foot care, and therefore of doubtful benefit to their profession, William Mathias Scholl, 80, has done more than any other man in history to make America, and most of the civilized world, conscious of its feet. By emphasizing the need for many changes of well-fitted shoes, he has benefited the footwear industry as much as podiatry.

One of 13 children raised on a La Porte, Ind., dairy farm, Billy Scholl learned cobbling at home. He began to practice his trade when the making of different shoes for left and right feet was relatively new (it developed in the Union Army, spread to the general population after the Civil War), when there was no standardization of shoe size, and shoes were made in only two widths (wide and narrow). From his home-town cobbler's shop, Billy went to Chicago, where he worked in a Madison Street shoe store at night so that he could attend Illinois Medical College by day. He had no intention of practicing general medicine; all he was interested in

⁶ Though the origin of the word *chiroprody* is disputed, it probably represents a contraction of the Greek words for *surgery* and *foot*. *Podiatry* is healing of the foot.

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was the anatomy and care of the feet. Before he graduated, he had a patent for arch supports that he made by hand. With his M.D. diploma dated 1904, Dr. Scholl began making Foot-Eazer arch supports and selling them to shoe shops at \$1 a pair (retail price: \$2). As a sales gimmick, he carried a skeleton of the human foot in a special pocket of his cutaway coat.

One Corn. In those days, he recalls, customers would often try on several pairs of shoes and find the process so painful that they would have to return a day or two later to make a choice. Dr. Scholl campaigned to have sizes standardized (done in 1905) and get manufac-



DOCTOR SCHOLL
The physician healed himself.

turers to offer a greater choice of widths (there are now more than a dozen in some lines). In 1912, during one of 63 trips he has made to Europe, Dr. Scholl fitted arch supports for Kaiser Wilhelm II. He hand-made special supports and built them into running shoes for Paavo Nurmi, "the flying Finn." In 1933 Dr. Scholl opened a nationwide shoe-store chain. By that time, most customers thought his name was only a trademark and that the man behind it must be long dead.

This week Bachelor Scholl trotted around the meetings and exhibits as energetically as ever in his 12-B shoes. He practices what he preaches, changes to a different pair two or three times a day and boasts that only once in his life he had a corn. That was when his luggage got lost in Singapore, a local bootmaker made him up a pair of shoes overnight and the left one pinched. But the pain was soon relieved; Dr. Scholl knew just what to use on the corn.



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BETHLEHEM STEEL



THE PRESS

The Angry Old Man

"I call him Junior," growled the country's angriest columnist at a meeting of the Anti-Communist Christian Crusade in Tulsa. "I have to suit his brattish connipions." He is "lacking in character, ability or loyalty." The invective was familiar but the target was new. This time Hearstman Westbrook Pegler was attacking neither a Roosevelt, nor a labor leader, nor Harry Truman. He was taking on his own boss, William Randolph Hearst Jr.

"Hearst's chief baby sitter," Pegler went on, is Frank Conniff (Hearst's national news editor), and he characterized the pair as "juvenile delinquents." The immediate reason for Pegler's wrath: "I have received insolent, arrogant warnings that nothing unfavorable to the Kennedy



FRANK CONNIFF

The invective was familiar: the target new.

Press, became one of the youngest U.S. foreign correspondents in World War I. He infuriated every branch of the armed services by blasting away at their inefficiency, but he quickly began to build his angry reputation. After the war, he became one of the best sportswriters in the business, but at the beginning of the New Deal he made the mistake of turning political columnist.

At first, Pegler supported Franklin Roosevelt. He voted for F.D.R. in 1936 and called Eleanor Roosevelt the "greatest American woman." But he soon turned misanthropic. In columns that grew steadily more vitriolic, he referred to Roosevelt as a "feeble-minded fuhrer." Eleanor as "La Boca Grande." He reserved his choicest venom for Harry Truman: "thin-lipped, a hater and not above offering you



WESTBROOK PEGLER

Administration will be allowed out of New York where the censors sit." The Crusaders chortled heartily: Hearst & Co. did not. Last week, after 18 years with the Hearst chain, Pegler, 63, left. "The maximum tolerance is made in this organization for prima donnas," said Conniff, "but this has become personal."

The wonder is that Pegler lasted so long. The ultimate nonconformist, he came to hate almost everything he wrote about, from politics to literature to animals. Occasionally his tirades were hilarious; more often they were simply ridiculous. No columnist in American history has heaped so much personal abuse on so many people over so long a period. "Liar," "Communist," "traitor," "parasite" were words that Pegler commonly used to describe most of the people he disliked.

Choice Venom. With a father's sure instinct, Arthur James Pegler, a Hearst reporter himself, forbade his son to go into journalism. But Westbrook heeded his father no more than he did anyone else. He quit high school to take a job with United

his hand to yank you off balance and work you over with a chair leg, pool cue or something out of his pocket." After the assassination attempt on Truman in 1950, Pegler berated "hypocrites" for getting excited. "I hope this will be a lesson to Truman," he wrote in a column that was killed by Hearst. "I wasn't shocked. I wasn't horrified, and I believe that most of those who said they were were liars." Pegler preferred the late Dominican Republic Dictator Rafael Trujillo to most of the world's statesmen. "Trujillo is much more sensible, practical and helpful to his people than Roosevelt, Truman or Eisenhower has been to ours."

Heavy Editing. In his earlier days, Pegler distinguished between good and bad labor leaders. In 1941 he won a Pulitzer Prize for exposing labor racketeers, who later went to prison. After that, he soon decided that the whole labor movement was "incurably vile," delivered the opinion that packing-house workers on strike in 1949 "deserved to be clubbed senseless or if it were necessary to be clubbed to



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death in the interest of public order and Government."

None of Pegler's legion of enemies turned out to be thornier than Correspondent Quentin Reynolds. After Pegler attacked Reynolds in print for "nudging along [with] a wench" and cowardice, Reynolds sued. In court in 1934, Reynolds' attorney, Louis Nizer, forced Pegler to admit that 130 statements he had made about Reynolds were untrue, and Reynolds was awarded \$175,001. After that, the list of newspapers that carried Pegler gradually dropped from more than 200 to 140, and the columnist was tamed by heavy editing from Hearst.

In the last couple of years, Pegler has largely confined himself to innocuous columns about George Spelvin, a Peglerian prototype of an average American grumpy, antisocial and suspicious as a kulak. George still has a small, eccentric following, and chances are that he (and Pegler) will be kept by some papers even though he has been dropped by Hearst. But the demand is likely to be small. By week's end, the Hearst papers had received only a handful of letters and a few phone calls protesting the loss of their onetime titan.

The Fearless Skier

In the air, on the ground, over the telephone, Curtis Publishing Co.'s new boss, Matthew J. Culligan, is moving every bit as fast as he said he would. He floats between his Westchester home and Curtis' Philadelphia office by helicopter, using a suitcase for a desk; he drives to Manhattan in a limousine, usually taking along a neighboring adman and giving him an hour's pep talk on Curtis. He always sets his watch to run nine minutes fast, and he schedules every minute of his 20-hour day. Says an associate: "Many is the time Culligan rings me up and says he is in the office at 9:26 or 3:34."

Flying to Detroit last week to tackle the automakers, Culligan set up a system of "task forces" to give him a complete marketing report on every company he visited and a biographical sketch of its top executives. After calling on each executive, he repeated their conversation into a portable recording machine in his car, then went to the next call with a clear mind. "Over the years," says Culligan, "I have been able to erase my so-called mind. An executive simply talks at me, and for some reason I am able to retain it." Culligan polished off most of the auto companies in a single day: breakfast with Ford, a morning meeting with Chrysler, lunch with Chevrolet, cocktails and dinner with Cadillac.

Back in Philadelphia, he used his frontal approach on representatives of four banks: "All right, fellows, I'm going out there with the troops. What are you going to do to make me feel secure?" The banks made available \$22 million to help Curtis rebuild.

"Handling this company is like skiing," mused Culligan. "If you are standing looking down a great slope, as an experienced skier, there is nothing to it. It of-



CURTIS' CULLIGAN IN COPTER
He keeps a mind eraser handy.

fers fun, adventure, a chance to use your skills. But if you haven't done it before, the prospect is terrifying. This is the fourth time I've attempted this kind of thing. In many respects, the other slopes were much tougher."

How are things on the hazardous Curtis slope six weeks after Culligan started at the top? Going great, he says. In spite of a \$4,000,000 loss in the second quarter, the fourth quarter will be "dramatically improved." Culligan says he has already booked \$37 million worth of advertising.

McNamara's Ban

The Washington press corps has long since learned that Defense Secretary Robert McNamara regards reporters somewhat as a general looks on junior officers: they have a job to do, and they must have access to the top brass—but only through channels. Last fortnight, when McNamara marched into a grandstand to watch some Army war games at Wedgefield, S.C., reporters were forbidden to follow—and like good soldiers they obeyed. But there is a maverick in every outfit: Reporter Roger Simmons of the Florence News nourished a newsman's distaste for military regulations and was unspooled by Washington obedience to protocol. Ignoring the ban, he climbed a barrier and assaulted the stands where McNamara was watching an airdrop of 4,000 paratroopers. "I want you to come down and pose with one of our landowners," he ordered. Caught off guard, McNamara docilely obeyed. Then he even hammed it up a bit for an impertinent photographer, as he never does at the Pentagon. After posing with the landowner, he stood still for a shot with a G.I. Later an aide lamely explained: "After all, McNamara knows we're holding the maneuvers on private property. So a landowner down here rates higher than a four-star general in the Pentagon."

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MUSIC

Tristan und Freud

"This *Tristan* is becoming something terrible!" wrote Richard Wagner while working on the third act of what was to become his most famous opera. "I fear the opera will be forbidden unless the whole thing becomes a mere parody by bad performance. Completely good ones will drive people insane."

For a time Wagner's fears seemed justified: at a turn-of-the-century *Tristan* performance the orchestra poured out music of such passionate urgency that one panting English critic found that he was

and Hate, Death and Eternity, Father and Son." The most startling changes in Wieland's *Tristan*: 1) Isolde does not die at the final curtain, and 2) King Marke strangely becomes Tristan's father instead of his uncle.

Wagnerians received their first big jolt at the end of Act I, when Isolde (Soprano Birgit Nilsson) and Tristan (Tenor Wolfgang Windgassen) embraced in full view of King Marke, who usually does not appear—or suspect the illicit love—until the end of Act II. The second act, like all the others, was provided with looming, symbolic sets, dominated by a huge shaft



SCENE FROM "TRISTAN" AT BAYREUTH
Grandfather knew the score.

"no longer artistically and morally a responsible being." The surging erotic melodies of the second act's *Liebesnacht* moved strong men to tears, and young girls swooned in the aisles.

Today, the tale of Tristan's illicit love affair with Isolde, bride of his uncle, King Marke, and of the lovers' deaths—Tristan from a dueling wound and Isolde from grief—no longer packs the emotional wallop it had for Wagner's generation. Indifferently played, the familiar music sometimes has an almost soporific effect. But at the Bayreuth Festival last week, audiences responded to a stunning new *Tristan und Isolde* that gave Wagner's paean to love some of the shock value it must have had when its composer trembled for his hearers' sanity.

Looming Symbol. The composer's grandson, Wieland Wagner, had staged a new *Tristan* at Bayreuth in 1952, and Brother Wolfgang tried his hand at it in 1957, but neither version satisfied Wieland. As he planned the opera in this year's production, it became "yet another aspect of the ancient Oedipus drama with its eternal correlation between Love

("Of course, I meant it as a phallic symbol," snapped Wieland. "This is what the entire opera is all about, isn't it?"). The enthusiastic opening night crowd gave the reconstructed *Tristan* an unprecedented 30 curtain calls.

Death & Transfiguration. How did Wieland justify his changes? "If you read the original score," says he, "you will see that Richard Wagner never mentions Isolde's death, but always speaks about her 'Verklärung' (transfiguration). Death for Richard Wagner was never mere loss of life. It meant a breakthrough to transfiguration. Isolde is experiencing a unity with the eternal night, which returns her to Tristan." And King Marke turning into Tristan's father? That came about, says Wieland, partly through archaeological research, partly from evidence in the opera itself. Scholars have discovered what they believe is Tristan's grave in southern Cornwall—and the inscription on the gravestone identifies the young lover as the son of the man historians believe to have been the historical King Marke. While the operatic Tristan blames himself for the sufferings he inflicted on his

parents, the orchestra plays the theme associated with King Marke. Wieland thinks that Grandfather Richard must have sensed intuitively what medieval prudes (who presumably altered the saga) could not stomach: the lust of father and son for the same woman.

Not all critics bought this Freudian analysis. But most agreed that Grandson Wieland had achieved as fine, and as gripping, a performance of *Tristan* as the modern opera stage has offered—although not a single fraulein collapsed in the aisles.

Brass Fanfare

If a citizen raises his voice in the Dutch coal-mining town of Kerkrade (pop. 50,000), the locals boast. "They can hear it in Belgium and Germany." For the last month, Kerkrade has been heard more clearly than ever—but visitors have been making all the noise. As the scene of a quadrennial spasm known as the "Fourth Musical Competition of Kerkrade," the town has become the Bayreuth of the marching brasses, the Salzburg of the wood winds, the Milano of the mandolin orchestras. Amateur handsmen travel thousands of miles to compete in Kerkrade's *concoors*—this year there were 3,000 of them in 215 bands from 21 countries. When any sizable number of them tuned up and started blasting away together at, say, Berlioz' *Roman Carnival* overture, the sound smashed across the borders of Belgium and Germany like an invading army.

Café Contributors. The *concoors* that ended last week was, by critical consensus, Kerkrade's best. As many as 21 bands paraded simultaneously in the town's big stadium, pumping away together at 21 different tunes. In the enormous (3,500-seat) tent erected for the occasion, the bands played weekends—from early afternoon until early the next morning. Among those present: 40 emotional Italians of the *Corpo Musicale del Dopolavoro Ferrario* of Milan who nearly blasted the \$40,000 tent to pieces with *Carri Amati*, a musical description of attacking Italian tanks in World War II; three bands of sardine fishermen and rice workers from Portugal, who traveled almost two weeks by bus in order to perform for two days at Kerkrade; the band of the tiny town of Eijsden, Holland, which was accompanied to the *concoors* by 2,000 cheering supporters; the Banda Primitiva di Liria, Spain, whose conductor entertained the crowd by dancing on his toes in front of his musicians as they played. When all was said, sung, marched, tootled and done, the overall winner of the world's biggest brass-band competition was not a brass band at all but an amateur symphony orchestra—the National Youth Orchestra of Israel, which barely beat out New Zealand's National Band.* The lung-weak-

*Although 84% of the entrants at Kerkrade are brass bands, prizes are awarded in four categories: Fanfare Orchestra (pure brass), Harmony Orchestra (brass and wood winds), Symphony Orchestra and Mandolin Orchestra. In addition, there is a marching band prize for brass band and fanfare competitors only.



TAKE THE WHOLE U.S.A. ...

MILESTONES

Married. Jack Lemmon, 37, deft, Oscar-winning (*Mister Roberts*) film comedian; and Felicia Dines Farr, 29, trim, brown-eyed television actress; both for the second time; in Paris.

Divorced. Cary Grant, 58, Hollywood's ageless leading man; by Betsy Drake, 39, ash-blond actress, who, according to a friend, "became much more fascinating to him" after their separation in 1958, has been his steadiest date for the last four years; on grounds of extreme mental cruelty; after 13 years of marriage; no children; in Santa Monica.

Died. David Ford Bond, 57, leathery-voiced NBC newscaster who from 1929 to 1952 proved one of the most versatile voices in the business, announcing everything from soap operas (*Just Plain Bill*) to the World Series, a lifelong Republican who managed the campaign radio and TV arrangements for Thomas Dewey in 1948 and Dwight Eisenhower in 1952; of a heart attack; in St. Croix, Virgin Islands.

Died. Eugene Holman, 67, a ruddy-faced geologist whose candid charm and matchless knack for developing new oil fields took him to the top of the world's biggest oil company, Standard Oil Co. (N.J.), first as president (from 1944 to 1954) and then as board chairman until his retirement two years ago; of endocarditis; in Manhattan.

Died. Mabel Dodge Sturtevant Lohan, 83, who won an eccentric's reputation as a patroness of the great, the good, and the utter frauds in arts and letters, drawing them all to her pre-World War I salons in Florence and New York, in turn becoming involved in three tormented marriages, countless love affairs, desperate attempts at psychoanalysis, and a dozen mystical philosophies; after a long illness; in Taos, N. Mex. Once described as a "species of headhunter" by Malcolm Cowley, she brought the likes of Lincoln Steffens, John Reed, Isadora Duncan, Gertrude Stein and Walter Lippmann together for discussions of Marx, Freud, birth control and anarchy, until tiring of city high life, she moved to Taos in 1917, proclaiming "Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty! . . . I am here," married a Pueblo Indian, and settled down to write her *Intimate Memories* that outraged ("It makes me sick in my solar plexus," said D. H. Lawrence) her former friends.

Died. Henry Hobart Nichols Jr., 93, American landscape painter, and long-time (1929-49) president of the National Academy of Design who guided the institution down a careful academic path arguing that "the Academy is like a pendulum to a clock—it assures a rational regular, orderly progress. It has no room for experimentalists. The Academy can afford to wait"; in Manhattan.



TRIUMPHANT DUTCH DRUM BAND AT KERKRAD
Berlioz mashed across the border.

winner of the marching band contest was the Dutch drum band, De Trommeliers van Roesendaale.

Relative Quiet. The man who started the noisy affair is 46-year-old Town Clerk Johan ("I'm the worst municipal employee in Holland") Scholtes. Inspired by local band contests, Scholtes decided in 1948 to organize bandmen on an international scale. He sat down with an atlas and over the next three years fired off letters all over the world announcing the first international music *concours*. Seventy-five bands showed up for the 1951 competition. When the second contest rolled around four years later, the municipality asked everyone in town to paint his house front and set out flowers; chests were placed in Kerkrade's 148 cafés for contributions (heartily-drinking Kerkraders dropped in \$100,000—almost enough to pay all costs of the *concours*). By 1958, Scholtes had a dossier of 50,000 bands.

Sadly, this summer's brass fanfare may be the last. Scholtes has his enemies, who feel that he has won more glory than is proper for a \$220-a-month clerk. When he was invited to Salzburg last year and introduced as "beloved Herr Doktor Scholtes," his fellow townsmen seethed. But if his *concours* goes, the loss will be Kerkrade's: instead of listening to the pick of the world's brasses, the town will have to settle for relative quiet and its own supply of twelve brass bands, 13 male choirs, nine flute, mandolin and drum bands, and one amateur symphony orchestra.

Fractured Muzak

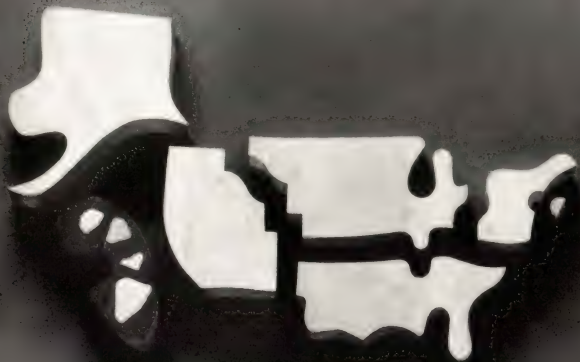
Perhaps the most perfect captive audience in all America is the one that steps into an elevator, watches the door slide shut, and then listens to a piped-in version of *Surrey with the Fringe on Top*. The least captive audience is the one that attends the concerts of Avant-Garde Composer John Cage. Its members are

always free to walk out—and frequently do. For all that, it now appears that Cage and canned music may have been made for each other.

Cage and Muzak met several months ago when the composer was presented with a thorny problem involving Manhattan's giant new Pan American Building. Sculptor Richard Lippold, renowned for his glittering geometric structures of stainless steel and gold, had been commissioned by the Pan Am Building directors to design a work for the main lobby. Lippold created *The Globe*, an immense, shining piece three stories high. The directors were delighted, but Lippold was not. He learned that Muzak would come oozing into elevators and lobby. The invasion, he decided, would destroy the bold effect of his sculpture. With the directors' permission, he called on Cage for help.

Composer Cage decided to "make use of the things that were right there," i.e., the Muzak speakers and some closed-circuit television cameras set up to watch the lobby. Cage wanted the TV to trigger the Muzak whenever people passed by or got in and out of elevators. But such familiar Muzak as *Stardust* and *I'm in the Mood for Love* would become electronically pulverized and filtered if Cage had his way, and there would be times when the traffic was light and there would be no music at all. The directors rejected the idea. Explained a vice president: "The American businessman and the esthete do not always see eye to eye."

Now it appears that for a while, at least, there will be no music at all in the Pan Am lobby. But that in itself is something of a vindication for Composer Cage. One of his most notorious compositions is *4 Minutes and 33 Seconds*, which requires a pianist to sit in silence at the keyboard for 4 min. 33 sec., staring at a stop watch before he departs the stage without striking a note.



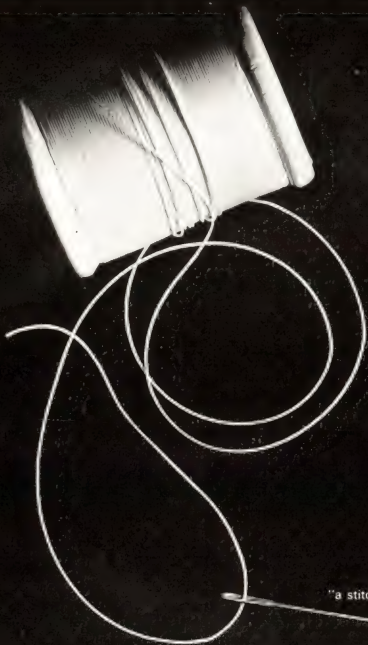
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U.S. BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Wait Till Next Year

On Wall Street, which lives by statistics, there are some numbers that have a mystical significance more important than their actuality. Last week the Dow-Jones industrial average rose above the 600 mark (up to 611.98 in fact) for the first time since early June. That was still 100-odd points short of the record set in December—but anything above 600 looked good. Twice before in the past month, the Dow-Jones stocks had struggled close to 600 only to fall back.

Some hears thought that the market might tumble after President Kennedy's TV talk, in which he said he will not recommend tax cuts until next year (see THE NATION). Instead, stocks went up—possibly because there was less recession talk in the air. Besides, businessmen had pretty well discounted the President's tax decision in advance. Said Robert Henry Stewart III, president of Dallas' First National Bank: "I don't know of anyone who was waiting for the speech before he went ahead with a business decision. We don't work quite that way."

Signs of Rise. Though businessmen carry a tax burden more oppressive in the U.S. than in any European nation (except Great Britain), there was surprising little disappointment at getting no cut. Kenneth Childs, president of Los Angeles Home Savings and Loan Association, figured that "sound business judgment would indicate that tax cuts in the face of deficit spending would be difficult to justify." Boston Banker Richard Chapman thought that "it's wrong to raise doubts about the fiscal sanity of the country and the soundness of the dollar."

Besides, the cheering fact is that the economy looks a bit brighter than a few weeks ago. Said Inland Steel's Chairman Joseph Block: "We are not in any economic crisis which might favor the Government's busting right in with a quick across-the-board tax cut." Some key barometers of business released last week—industrial production, housing starts, retail sales, new orders—showed small rises for July. This news cheered the stock market, but the President's speech also helped by clearing the air. Said Walston & Co. Market Analyst Edmund Tabell: "If there's one thing the market hates, it's uncertainty." Wall Streeters took heart at the promise (not quite a certainty) of a long-term tax cut next year.

"Man, Do We Need That!" Not everybody applauded Kennedy's stand. "If a reduction is justified next year, why not this year?" demanded Jones & Laughlin Steel Chairman Avery C. Adams. With a lemony frown, Chicago Banker Tilford Gaines asked: "When you want a martini, why torture yourself until the day after tomorrow?"

But businessmen did not seem to want a quickie tax cut at the cost of losing

the "long-needed tax reform" that the President promised for next year in both corporate and personal income taxes. Said Hotelman Conrad Hilton: "For many years, our tax structure has been based on social objectives rather than on economic objectives, to the detriment of business activity and employment." Most businessmen recognized that to ram through reform, Kennedy would have to have benefits to confer to make up for the reductions in tax write-offs and tightening of tax loopholes. Drawled R. P. Baxter, president of the Rio Grande National Life Insurance Co.: "I think President Kennedy wants to hold out so he'll be in a better position to bargain when the full tax revision bill comes around next year. And, man, do we need that?" If there is now some heightened recognition of the urgent need of a real tax reform, that is a gain.

AUTOS

Second-Best Year

Production of Detroit's 1962 models came to an end last week. The total—6,688,000 cars turned out, a rise of 2.6% from last year—was the second-best in history. But memories of the record 1955 model year (7,136,000 cars) raised a troubling question: Would too big a year be followed by a weak sales year? Detroit doesn't think so. Unlike 1955, there has been little overselling or price slashing this year, and inventories are lean.

Forward Look, '63 Style

While other automakers look back on Model Year 1962 with satisfaction, about the only thing the men at Chrysler Corp. can be thankful for is that it is finally over. The styling of its '62s, which Chrysler called "European," was so out of pace with public taste that Chrysler's share of the market is now only 9.1%, against 18% five years ago. But last week, showing off its new models to newsmen, Chrysler's brass summoned up a heady optimism for '63. Reason: the fast turn-around given to the company's models and management by new President Lynn Alfred Townsend, 43, a tall, budget-watching accountant.

Gone with the Fins. Chrysler's famous flaring tail fins, which began shrinking last year, have given way almost completely to uncluttered, lightly chromed lines that Detroit likes to call "clean." Chrysler has not hesitated to borrow styling from its rivals and end up looking quite a bit like them. While lead times did not permit Townsend to completely redesign the PLYMOUTH and DODGE, they do look different from the '62s, and the main change is a flat roof on each that closely resembles the top deck of Ford's racy Thunderbird. The compact VALIANT is chunkier than in '62 (and looks more like Rambler's successful American) and Dodge's compact LANCER, instead of being



HILTON



ADAMS



BLOCK



STEWART



TABELL



CHILDS

No time to bust right in.



CHRYSLER'S LYNN TOWNSEND
Something borrowed; something new.

a look-alike to the Valiant, is more massive. In a confusing name switch, the Lancer has been renamed DART, and last year's Dart is called DODGE.

Viewed from the rear, the middle-priced CHRYSLER looks something like an elongated Rolls-Royce, and the higher-priced IMPERIAL (which got only 0.13% of the '62 market) has shucked its showy tail lamps for unobtrusive ones set in the subdued remains of its fins. In a new bid to carve into Volkswagen's small-car market, Chrysler late this year will introduce the rear-engined, French-built Simca MILLE (Chrysler owns 24% of Simca).

Off with the White Collars. The new U.S. models result from Townsend's \$50 million hurry-up restyling program, which he ordered after becoming administrative vice president two years ago. He imported a new styling chief, Elwood Engel, 45, from Ford last fall, too late to do much more than alter taillights and grilles. Engel's touch, which fashioned Ford's 1961 Lincoln Continental, will be felt in the Chrysler '64s. For inspiration he plans to visit Cape Canaveral to watch the missiles fly by. "Can't you just imagine," he remarks, "how beautiful one of those things would look on four wheels?"

Townsend's rigid quality-control program enabled the company to cut its warranty costs on the '62 models by 30%, and Chrysler now offers a five-year warranty on '63 motors and drive mechanisms. Says a top Chrysler man: "Three years ago we would have gone broke paying claims on this kind of warranty." With the backing of Chairman George Love, 61, who supervises policy while Townsend directs operations, Townsend has chopped Chrysler's white-collar staff by one third (7,000), closed obsolescent plants, consolidated divisions. This brought the company's "break-even" point so low that Chrysler, despite its poor sales—earned \$12 million in 1962's first half.

Where existing dealerships are weak

Townsend has also begun to open company-owned dealerships—a program that may cost up to \$340 million over the next ten years. Chrysler has also been doing well at the Pentagon. It recently landed a \$200 million contract to build the first stage of the Saturn rocket, and last week it was chosen from a field of eight to become one of the two remaining bidders (the other: Ling-Temco-Vought) to build a new Army battlefield rocket.

How much of the '63 auto market does Townsend expect to land? "I wouldn't want to guess," he smiles, "because I might guess too low." But since Chrysler now manages to make a profit in adversity, one of his top aides says that even a small rise would cause such a big spurt "that we'd have to stand out of the way of all those profits rolling in."

FOREIGN TRADE

Missing Markets

In Paris, Kentucky bourbon is sometimes to be found at a price, because U.S. distillers a few years ago set up the Bourbon Institute (it is not a university) to promote exports. In Tokyo, the Japanese can buy Munsingwear undershorts, though U.S. textilemakers complain that the Japanese underprice them around the world. The Chun King Corp. of Duluth, Minn., recently began shipping chow mein in cans to Formosa. In less bizarre ways, too, some resourceful U.S. businessmen are expanding exports, which in the second quarter hit \$5.5 billion, up 10% from 1961's second quarter. June was the best month for exports in five years.

Though the U.S., with its vast domestic market, need never say "Export or die" as the British do, exports are becoming increasingly important with U.S. industry producing at only 85% capacity. Despite the increase in exports, the U.S. share of world trade slipped from 20% in 1950 to less than 17% last year.

Begging Business. It is not such obvious obstacles as tariffs or higher U.S. wages that do most to prevent sales abroad. As exporters of everything from road builders to tie clasps have learned, U.S. products often sell well overseas because of design, quality, speedy delivery, or simply because the goods are "Made in U.S.A." But businessmen don't do as well as they should in foreign markets, says the Commerce Department, because of a failure to use their proudest skill: salesmanship. "Out of 100,000 U.S. manufacturers, there aren't more than 1,000 who are doing anything at all about foreign trade," complains Commerce Department Export Director Edward Scriven. To maintain U.S. trade centers in London, Frankfurt and Bangkok, says he, "we have to canvass 3,000 to 4,000 businesses to find 50 that will exhibit, largely at Government expense."

Many businessmen simply ignore foreign requests for information and prices on their products. The Commerce Department had to plead with one St. Louis machine-tool maker to answer repeated inquiries from a British company (in the end, he made a sale). One machinery man-

ufacturer in the state of Washington still stubbornly refuses to answer an inquiry from Australia. And only after Commerce Department urging did a Minneapolis firm reluctantly agree to sell its special lubricating oil to Nigeria. Too often foreign trade seems too complicated, too marginal and too risky.

Selling Points. To ease apprehensions that foreign customers will renege on bills, the Export-Import Bank and 71 insurance companies have formed the Foreign Credit Insurance Association to sell insurance against most risks at low rates. Pan American World Airways, which wants to step up its air-cargo shipments, is one of several international firms ready to put businesses in touch with established sales agents abroad. The Commerce Department supplies inquirers with a long list of potential foreign buyers, counsel on how to sell them and how to snip international red tape, and news that there are likely foreign markets for—among other things—popcorn and plastic handbags.

CORPORATIONS

Rayonier's Jet Set

For most U.S. companies, exports are only an added profit sweetener, but for Manhattan's Rayonier, Inc., exports are meat, marrow and potatoes. The world's biggest manufacturer of chemical cellulose pulps—which go into products from Cellophane to cigarette filters, rayon, gunpowder and ice cream—Rayonier engages in one of the world's most hotly competitive businesses. Finding itself with too much U.S. capacity a decade ago, Rayonier decided to sally more boldly abroad.

Since then, it has raised export sales



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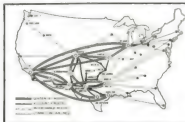
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from \$16 million to \$55 million. "Exports represented 41% of our \$135 million in sales last year," reports President Russell F. Erickson, 52. They provided the extra volume that gave Rayonier an after-tax profit of \$7,090,000, and, says Erickson, "our future growth will come almost entirely in overseas markets."

Chasing the Smokestacks. It was former President Clyde Morgan, now the chairman, who ended Rayonier's rather casual treatment of exports. He fired most of Rayonier's foreign sales agents, who were largely order takers, and he combined foreign and domestic sales under one staff that considers the whole world its market. Rayonier's jet-minded salesmen treat a trip to Delhi almost as casually as a jaunt to Detroit. President Erickson himself has traveled 60,000 miles in pursuit of foreign sales. Travel has become such a way of life to jovial Sales Vice President Michael A. Brown, 45, that when he recently spotted his Paris manager at the São Paulo airport, he simply nodded to him and boarded another plane. Record Rayonier traveler last year was Hong Kong Chief Joseph Maché, who logged 142,000 air miles.

"You have to plug, plug, plug," sighs Sales Boss Brown, who says that "selling still means a certain amount of smoke-stack chasing," i.e., calling upon customers without an introduction and with only the merest hope for an order. A chance call on a German sausagemaker recently resulted in an order for 200 tons of pulp a year to make sausage skins. Sales seldom come quickly. It took five years to win an order from one Italian producer.

Irresistible Temptation. From hard experience, says Brown, "Rayonier has learned that you can't hitch your wagon

to one market." Japan used to be a big market for Rayonier—until the Japanese built their own pulp mills. India now is a large buyer, but to hedge against the day when the Indians build up enough capacity of their own, Rayonier salesmen are now smokestack chasing for other Asian buyers in Indonesia and Malaya.

It is so easy to expand pulp mills that Rayonier sees no end to the stiff worldwide competition. "Once you build a pulp mill," says Vice President Brown, "the cost of doubling its size is relatively small, and the temptation to do so is almost irresistible." But with its hushwhacking sales force and a \$2,000,000 research program to develop better pulps, Rayonier has no intention of falling behind.

MARKETING

Fair Weather in Seattle

They laughed when a brave band of Seattle promoters sat down to play that great marketing game called "world's fair." Seattle, said the scoffers, was too far away to attract many visitors, and besides, world's fairs have hardly ever been known to earn money. But by last week, as the 6,000,000th visitor clinked through the turnstiles, Seattle plainly had made a go of it.

The privately financed Space Needle, symbol of the fair, is close to paying off its \$4,000,000 cost on the strength of elevator rides to the top (\$1) and rent receipts from the revolving restaurant there, where crowds sometimes line up for four hours at lunch and reservations are made for breakfast. The \$4,000,000, mile-long monorail to the fairgrounds will soon be paid for, and may be turned over to the city. As for the rest of the fair,

private creditors have already recouped their original \$4,500,000 investment, and since the fair still has another two months to run, its promoters expect to wind up comfortably in the black.

Not everyone is making a fair profit, or intended to. The admission-free pavilions of the U.S. and foreign countries were not designed to earn anything except prestige. (But one Belgian baker has become a smash success, turning out diet-demolishing waffles piled high with whipped cream, strawberries and powdered sugar.) Some marginal carry operators on the fair's "Gayway" are described by Fair President Joseph E. Gandy, 58, as "sick cats," since the fair has proven to be more of a family occasion than a peep show. Sinking also is the business of three ocean liners docked in Elliott Bay as floating hotels. And a few get-rich-quick sharpsters got burned by hoping to profit from a hotel-room shortage that didn't happen. Among them: a big new trailer court far off the highway, 14 miles from the Seattle fairgrounds, which charged \$18 per couple for a night's occupancy of a trailer.

The fair has given a lift to business throughout the Northwest, whose lumber and fishing industries have been hurting. Seattle restaurants are crowded, hotels—have enjoyed 90% occupancy all summer—and motels en route, as far away as Butte, Mont., are usually full. Last week sales of Seattle department stores were up 22% from a year ago, and not alone from selling souvenir totem poles for \$35. In June alone, sales of woollens were up 47%, women's suits up 75%. Counting all that, Seattle bankers estimate that the fair will add \$160 million to Washington's economy this year.

PERSONAL FILE

- In a San Francisco office cluttered with autographed photos of show business stars, boxes of spare Homburgs, and a "money tree" decorated with dollars, Real Estate Tycoon **Louis Robert Lurie**, 73, presides over his many business interests. They span movies ("I made all the early Tarzan pictures") to mining ("My record is perfect—I've lost every cent I ever invested"). He is also a lucky angel, having bankrolled such Broadway hits as *Song of Norway* and *Pajama Game*. But he made his fortune—estimated at more than \$50 million—in buildings. He has built 236 of them, owns two dozen large buildings from his home town, Chicago, to San Francisco. Last week, moved by San Francisco sentimentalism as much as desire for profit, he bought the famed Hotel Mark Hopkins for \$12 million. "I think," says Lurie, "it's the finest hotel in the world."

- A husky Virginian who knows his way around Washington as well as Wall Street, **Carter Burgess**, 45, last week moved up from the presidency to the chairmanship of widely diversified American Machine & Foundry Co., succeeding Morehead Patterson, who died fortnight ago. His acquaintance with both places should be useful: AMF faces an antitrust accusation of conspiring to restrain competition in the howling industry, and a slowdown in its military contracting helped to cut AMF's first half-year sales 11% to \$185 million. Burgess, once president of Trans World Airlines, was an Eisenhower era Assistant Secretary of Defense, joined AMF in 1958. Burgess intends to push new consumer



LURIE



BURGESS



GLUCK

products, including an auto exhaust filter which, if certified, would become one of two competing anti-smog systems mandatory on all cars in California.

- Though discount selling can be a gold mine, the digging is not without perils. Latest to fall in a hole is **Maxwell Henry Gluck**, 62, chairman of the 295-branch Grayson-Robinson Stores, which last week acknowledged \$10.5 million in overdue debts and asked for a two-time extension under the Bankruptcy Act. Gluck, a onetime U.S. Ambassador to Ceylon—he was the one who in 1957 could not remember the name of Ceylon's Prime Minister during a Senate confirmation hearing—two years ago merged his Darling Stores into Grayson-Robinson and rapidly opened 43 discount branches. Expansion cost more than it brought in. When Manhattan's Bankers Trust called its \$6,400,000 note last week, Gluck had to plead for a breather. Since his firm's assets exceed its debts, Gluck may well ride out the crisis.



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WORLD BUSINESS S

GERMANY

Strain in West Berlin

There is no trouble getting a job in West Berlin. Plants have enough advance orders to keep production lines rolling far into next year. Though it lost all its workers who lived in East Berlin, the electrical industry—which accounts for 10% of West Berlin output—has hardly skipped a beat since the Wall went up just one year ago. Of course some of West Berlin's stimulus is artificial: tax concessions from the Bonn government and wage levels that are lower than in West Germany even make it profitable to barge raw steel into the city from the West, shape it into beams, then ship it back. Berlin's cigarette, liquor and food-processing industries also prosper with the help of tax concessions.

But even with all the outside help, West Berlin is beginning to show some economic strain. The city's latest economic survey reports that new industrial orders from West Germany have dropped 12.8% from last year's fat first half. More disturbing, orders from foreign countries have fallen by almost one-third. There has also been a drop-off in big new firms opening in Berlin, and West German bankers and insurance executives have begun to shy away from lending money to West Berlin industry.

Much of this reflects the slowing down of the boom in West Germany itself, which has brought on a tightening of credit. And some of the lag in new orders can be blamed on Berlin's big backlog of business, which has delayed deliveries and produced a more relaxed spirit in hard-selling Berlin executives. But a deeper reason is long-range anxiety over Berlin's fate in the cold war. While the West would not permit free Berlin's economy to falter badly, one West German banker admits that "the lack of security in Berlin makes investment by outsiders intrinsically unattractive."

The Bigger They Come

Hamburg's influential daily, *Die Welt*, had called him "the favorite child of West Germany's economic miracle." Fortnight ago, shortly after he had startled West Germany by admitting that he could not meet July's bills (*TIME*, Aug. 3), Industrialist Willy Schlieker, 48, was declared bankrupt by a Hamburg court. Up for liquidation was Schlieker's entire domain of 23 shipbuilding, steelmaking and trading companies that grossed \$200 million last year.

Undercapitalization and overexpansion were the roots of Schlieker's troubles. He had built his entire empire on a financial base of only \$5,000,000, depending on advance payments for the ships he was building to ensure a steady cash inflow. But when the shipbuilding market softened, buyers balked at paying in advance, and Schlieker was caught short. A

preliminary audit put his total indebtedness close to \$25 million.

Schlieker might have avoided bankruptcy had anyone cared enough to bail him out. The city of Hamburg offered to guarantee loans up to \$6,250,000 if Schlieker's 3,500 creditors would chip in enough money to put him on a solid footing. There were not enough takers. The powerful German banks also cut off his credit; now other companies may be able to pick up the pieces of his empire at bargain prices. "My creditors," cried Schlieker, "stiff-armed me and let me starve."

In his rise to the top, Schlieker had done little to endear himself to bankers or fellow industrialists. He operated as a lone wolf, got rich by successively working for the Nazis as a steel expert, selling millions of dollars worth of steel to Communist East Germany, and swapping German steel for U.S. coal during the Korean war. Old-line German businessmen regarded him as "nicht salonfähig"—not acceptable in drawing room society.

The Hamburg city administration felt small compulsion to go it alone to save Schlieker because his Hamburg workers were certain to land new jobs quickly in labor-short West Germany. So many of them did, in fact, that the neighboring shipyard which undertook to finish three of the big ships now on Schlieker's ways was having difficulty recruiting men.

EXECUTIVES

Parkinson's Third Law

A tongue-in-cheek British professor named Cyril Northcote Parkinson has won himself a reputation in recent years for evolving Parkinson's Laws, which have a disturbing way of showing the absurdity

beneath the reality. Law One concerns bureaucracy: "Work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion." Law Two on the same subject: "Expenditures rise to meet income." Now Parkinson, 53, currently a business consultant in Amsterdam, has unbundled himself of a Third Law, this time on corporations, in a book out this week (*In-Laws and Outlaws*; Houghton Mifflin; \$4).

Executive Sweets. Before he lays down the law, Parkinson devotes 230 whimsical (sometimes overly whimsical) pages to getting ahead in big corporations. Some lessons to be learned:

NONORIGINATION. "Of all the administrative techniques there is none, probably, of more importance than the art of having your views put forward by someone else. Pursue the opposite policy, advocating a scheme and expecting to gain credit by its adoption, and you may well succeed—just once." Reason: no one likes a pusher.

EXPERTISE. "Among the really expert, all organizations are instantly judged by the looks of their female office staff. Vice President A, who cannot find an attractive girl for his outer office, is most unlikely to have found anything else."

There is also the Parkinson Report: "Before joining a company as vice president or president, you must discover its sex. A male corporation is to be identified, first of all, by its rough exterior. The layout is more practical than pleasing, the machinery unconcealed, and the paintwork conservative and drab. Combined with this rugged appearance is an assertiveness in advertising, a rather crude claim to offer what is at once the cheapest and the best. The organization is extrovert, outgoing and inquisitive."

Male Superiority. Quite the opposite is the female corporation. "Its factory buildings are prettily sited and smartly kept with pastel shades in the paintwork and flower beds near the gate. There can be too much fuss over details, an insistence on exact procedure and an overemphasis on the appearance (as opposed to the reality) of competence. In general, the female trend is toward economy and financial caution. Faced with a recession, the female corporation hastens to curtail expenditure and reduce the dividend." Recognizing the difference, says Parkinson, can be vital to an aspiring executive. "When a merger takes place, the advantage lies normally with the male corporation, which has been acquisitive and active. Executives on the female side are more likely to be displaced and thrust aside."

Ultimately Parkinson cites his Third Law: "Expansion means complexity and complexity, decay."

How to tell when a corporation is decaying? Look at the newest buildings. "They represent the latest trends in structure and outlook. What is manifest about them is that they will not last for long." Check salaries. "Where the highest value



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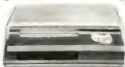
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is placed on routine competence, the process of decay has begun." Visit the firm's farthest outpost and ask: "When were you last visited by a director? If the answer is 'last year' the situation is bad. If the answer is 'never' the situation is almost beyond remedy. The empire may still exist but its energy is dwindling, will presently vanish." So too with Parkinson's Laws. The third, promises the professor, is the last.

BRITAIN

Climbing Out of the Clouds

First into the world with commercial jets (the Comets) and turboprops (the Viscounts), Britain's planemakers have been trailing their wings through a combination of ill luck, much-publicized crashes and the lack of resources to compete with U.S. giants. As a survival measure, the British government pressured the British aviation industry into consolidating into two major groups in 1960. The groups: 1) British Aircraft Corp., composed of Vickers, English Electric and Bristol, and 2) Hawker Siddeley, which took de Havilland under its wing.

To bring about the consolidation, the government held out the lure of fat missile and military jet contracts, which have proved to be illusive. Finding U.S. missiles to be both cheaper and further advanced, the government canceled the bulk of its British programs. And, strapped for cash, it has delayed on re-equipping the RAF and Royal Navy with modern fighters. British military planemakers fell so

far behind that they recently lost a big sale of supersonic fighters to India, which prefers Russian MIG-21s.

Now, in hopes of staying aloft, the two British planemaking giants are again banking sharply into the passenger-jet market. There, where U.S. planemakers dominate so much of the skies, the going is rough, but the Britons are beginning to make progress with a wide variety of new rear-engine jets, ranging from small city-hoppers to lengthy ocean-spanners. Four, in particular, stand out:

The Corporate D.H. 125: At a field just north of London last week, Hawker Siddeley's high-tailed D.H. 125 made its first flight. Designed to operate on short runways and cruise with six passengers at 480 m.p.h., it is Britain's entry in the market for corporate jets. Price: \$550,000.

The Short-Range BAC One-Eleven: Even more promising than the D.H. 125 is British Aircraft Corp.'s 63-passenger BAC One-Eleven, which is powered by two Rolls-Royce fan jet engines, one placed on either side of the rear fuselage. The world's only short-range commercial jetliner now in production, the BAC One-Eleven aspires to be the workhorse DC-3 of the jet age when it goes into commercial service in 1964. British Aircraft Corp. has 33 orders, including four from the U.S.'s Mohawk Airlines and six from Braniff. Price: about \$2.5 million each.

The Medium-Range D.H. 121 Trident: Three jet engines are placed in the rear of Hawker Siddeley's radical Trident, now being flight-tested. It is designed to carry 79 passengers, cruise at 600 m.p.h. and

range to 1,000 miles, ideal for travel within Europe and the Middle East. Price: \$3.6 million. British European Airways has ordered 24 Tridents, and expects to put them in service in 1963; but Hawker Siddeley must sell at least 76 more to break even. This will take some doing, because the Trident is in nose-to-nose competition with the new medium-range Boeing 727, which is due to enter service next year.

The Long-Range VC10: Like the Trident, the British Aircraft Corp. VC10 is a market gamble that is being taken at the urging of the state-owned British airlines (BOAC, BEA), which for reasons of national prestige would rather fly British aircraft. Now in flight tests, the VC10 cruises at about 600 m.p.h. on four rear engines and can carry 151 passengers. Price: \$6.2 million. British Aircraft Corp. has 30 orders for the VC10 and another 30 for a larger version, the Super VC10, mostly all from British Overseas Airways Corp.; but it needs at least 40 more orders to break even. Trouble is, BOAC threatens not to go ahead with planned future orders for the Super VC10 unless the plane's range—now 4,700 miles—is increased to match the 6,000 miles of the Boeing 707 Intercontinentals. British Aircraft hopes to sell VC10s and Super 10s to foreign airlines before supersonic transports reach the market by 1970. But if many sales are to be made, the airline business will have to improve. The world's major intercontinental airlines are in no spending mood at a time when most of them are losing money.



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A big, dumb, dopey, galumphing likability.

Son of Cinerama

The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm. "The answer to television!" So they said when Cinerama was first shown to the public in 1952; and for a couple of years praise was supported by performance: *This Is Cinerama*, the first full-length picture produced in the medium, has grossed more than \$56 million. But the novelty soon wore off. For one thing, the customers were obviously irritated by the imperfections of the Cinerama process: the fuzzy vertical lines between the three panels of the picture; the jiggling of the panels and their variations of color and brightness; a degree of distortion that often makes the picture look like something seen in a laff mirror. For another thing, the Stanley Warner Cinerama Corp. produced nothing but travelogues for the next six years—each one a bigger snore than the one before.

Three years ago Stanley Warner sold out to more progressive managers, who made a deal with M-G-M for four Cinerama pictures—all of them presumably shot with a plot instead of an itinerary. Encouraged by the continuing prospect of real movies made for the wall-to-wall screen and shown at ear-to-ear prices, dozens of key theaters are currently converting to the system—at a cost that ranges from \$175,000 to \$500,000 a theater. By year's end, 60 of them will be open in the U.S. and some 40 more in other countries.

To judge from past performance, the exhibitors will probably get their money back. To judge from *Wonderful World*, the first picture released under the new agreement and the first Cinerama production that tells a story, most moviegoers will get their money's worth—though Cinerama's stockholders apparently have their doubts: in the period just before and just after the show opened, the stock lost more than a fifth of its value. To begin with, the blurbs for *Wonderful World* are black with big names: Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom, Buddy Hackett, Terry-Thomas, Yvette Mimieux, Russ Tamblyn, half a dozen others. The show

CINEMA

offers also an album of snapshots, each one approximately the size of Liechtenstein, that dramatically itemize South Germany. And it offers, inserted at intervals in the story, three full-length fairy tales (*The Dancing Princess*, *The Cobbler and the Elves*, *The Singing Bone*), of which the last is wacky enough to make up for not being Grimm—it stars Terry-Thomas as a sort of dilapidated Lancelot, Hackett as his squirrely squire, and a 53-foot, kelly-green dragon that looks like a giant bejeveled pickle.

All the same the film has faults that somehow seem three times as regrettable on three screens as they would have on one. The story, now that Cinerama has at last got around to telling one, seems hardly worth telling—the lives and loves of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, the gentle German philologists who collected the famous folk tales, are scarcely the stuff of which movies are made. Furthermore, the film's interpretations of the tales, though amusing, incline to be cute and design to be sentimental. And the Cinerama process, still full of half-squashed bugs, presents at least one insoluble problem: a moviegoer watching a screen the size of a tennis court can quite readily get a stiff neck from trying to follow the conversational ball.

Yet, surprisingly, the film has a big, dumb, dopey, galumphing likability that turns groans to grins. Confronting it, the spectator feels like Samuel Johnson confronting the dog that walked on its hind legs. He is not surprised that the thing is not done well. He is surprised that it is done at all.

A Young Man's Frenzy

The Girl with the Golden Eyes. One gloomy and romantic afternoon in Paris an arrogant young rip (Paul Guers) strolls out of his expensive flat and—hello! A beautiful girl (Marie Laforêt) is sitting in his sports car. Her eyes are large and soulful. One elegant long finger rests lightly on her lips. "Another one breathing down my

neck," he thinks. "We'll see about that." He jumps in the driver's seat. She seems startled, tries to leave. "You'll be sorry," he snarls with a smile as he grabs her wrist and starts the car. She twists free and runs away. He shrugs. That's that.

Not quite. That night the young man sees the same girl standing in the rain and watching him. He chases her, catches her just at the door of her house, eases her upstairs. *Diabla!* She lives in a suite of decadent splendors: baroque candelabrum, Chinese madonna, canopied bed, pair of pigeons murmuring in the dimness amorously. Obviously a love nest. But who is her lover? She will not tell. She will not even tell her own name.

In a few days the young dog is leashed. But how can he marry a nameless woman whom he shares with a nameless lover? Befuddled, the bachelor turns for advice to a woman of the world (Françoise Pré vost), intelligent and dependably unemotional. Yet when he shows her a picture of the girl the woman suddenly turns pale and hurries away. Why? Obviously, the woman is the other dove in the nest. Not so obviously, she is also in love with the hero. Any other questions?

The film answers them in passably explicit detail and with a sick romantic energy that Honoré de Balzac, who wrote the tale (*La Fille aux Yeux d'Or*) on which the film is based, would surely have admired. Like the story the film has style, the grand fantastic style in which, as in a jungle, excess exceeds excess and everything is reconciled in riot. Setting, lighting, cutting, acting: all are overdone to a degree—but to the same degree. The elements of the film are in phase; its world is impossible but consistent, therefore credible.

Startling that a film so skillful could be made by a man so young: Director Jean-Gabriel Albicocco is only 26. True, he has had help from his family. His father, a well-known photographer, is in charge of his camera, and his wife is his leading lady. She plays with an easy and spontaneous grace, and she looks, in her moments of light asthenic loveliness, like an undine sighing in the Seine.

BOOKS



FOURTEENTH ARMY ENTERING MYITSON

From a soldierly past, hints for nuclear warfare.



SLIM AS BRIGADIER

Uncle Bill at War

UNOFFICIAL HISTORY (242 pp.)—*Field Marshal the Viscount Slim*—David McKay (\$4.95).

DEFEAT INTO VICTORY (468 pp.)—*Field Marshal the Viscount Slim*—David McKay (\$6.50).

When it came to explaining what World War II was really like, the great battlefield commanders proved no match for novelists and "the day that" documentarists. Compared with the fugacious naturalism of Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* or the precise tapestry of Cornelius Ryan's *The Longest Day*, the historically important memoirs of Ike or Monty have all the vitality of quarter-master supply reports. One of the war's few Great Captains who can hold his own with the professional writers is Viscount William Slim, commander of Britain's "forgotten" Fourteenth Army in Burma. Slim's vivid, modest account of the Burma campaign, *Defeat into Victory*, is already reckoned a minor masterpiece of war reporting. His new *Unofficial History* of assorted lesser campaigns in a 48-year army career boosts his reputation as a soldier who can reconstruct battles as brilliantly as he fought them.

Likable Enemies. An amiable blend of Colonel Blimp, Pukka Sahib and officer genius, onetime Schoolmaster "Uncle Bill" Slim rose from the ranks to officer status during World War I. One of his first commands, as he recalls it with humor and affection in *Unofficial History*, was as head of two companies of infantry, pursuing the rear guard of a Turkish army across the Tigris River in 1917.

Like most members of the professional military freemasonry, Slim came to admire "all the soldiers of different races who have fought with me and most of those who have fought against me."

Among the most likable of his enemies were the Wazirs of India's Northwest Frontier. In 1920, between bouts of study for the Indian army's exams in advanced Urdu, Slim took part in a retaliatory raid on an obscure village of these wild mountaineers. It was an unusually easy victory over the canny Wazirs, whom the British took by surprise and escaped from with scant loss after burning their village to the ground. Afterwards, in the casual frontier way, the British sent a message to the Wazirs, expressing surprise at the enemy's unusually poor shooting. The Wazirs replied in courtly fashion that their rifles were Short Magazine Lee-Enfields captured in previous fights with the British—"a shrewd cut that," Slim notes—and that they had failed to sight the guns to accord with a new stock of ammunition. Now, having calculated the adjustment, they would be delighted to demonstrate their bull's-eye accuracy any time the British wanted. "One cannot help feeling," Slim says, "that the fellows who wrote that ought to be on our side."

Bright Chapter. Slim genuinely enjoyed his virtually blood-free skirmishes with such foes as the Turks, the Wazirs and the Italians in 1940 Ethiopia. His encounter with the Japanese in Burma, recounted in *Defeat into Victory*, was no such lark. Fought with little air support in jungles with few roads, it remains one of the brightest Allied chapters in World War II history. In 1942, after service in the Middle East, Slim was ordered to the command of the First Burma Corps in Promé. Neither he nor his army stayed there long. Armed with World War I weapons and saddled with trench-war concepts of strategy, the corps proved no match for the Japanese, who steadily and easily pushed the British back to the Indian border. By the spring of 1942, Slim admits, "we, the Allies, had been outmanoeuvred, outfought, and outgeneralled."

Slim, as commander of the XV Corps and then of the Fourteenth Army, planned carefully for revenge. He gradually built up the shattered confidence of his troops—who regarded the Japanese as invincible in jungle fighting—by refusing at first to engage in battle unless he had an overwhelming superiority in numbers, and could make sure of victory. Since the Burmese theater stood low on the priority list for supplies and troop replacements, Slim turned poverty to good advantage. His support forces learned to improvise, devising jute parachutes for supply drops when silk ones were unavailable, arming yachts and tugboats with Bren guns to replace unavailable gunboats. His armies discovered that full field equipment hindered mobility, and often went to battle as lightly armed as guerrillas.

By August 1945, Slim's polyglot army of Indians, Nepalese, British and Africans, aided somewhat by General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell's Chinese and U.S. forces—had driven the Japanese back across the Sittang River and had retaken Rangoon.

To the Resourceful, Victory. Slim gallantly—and refreshingly—admits his own strategic errors in Burma, and gives plentiful credit to subordinates. The Burmese war, he argues, was an ideal training ground for future battles of a nuclear age. Nuclear war will inevitably disrupt communications and force armies to disperse to thinly populated areas; survival will demand near-perfect discipline and quick adaptation to new surroundings. "After the first shock of mutual devastation had been survived," insists Slim, "victory would go, as it did in our other jungle, to the tougher, more resourceful infantryman. The easier and more gadget-filled our daily life becomes, the harder will it be to produce him. It took us some time to do so in Burma. It can be done in peace; in war, there will no longer be so much time."

The Red Whale

BIG MAC [117 pp.]—Erich Kos—Harcourt, Brace & World [\$3.50].

Every Yugoslav, save one, feels deep stirrings of patriotism when the Great Whale is caught. And when it is brought to Belgrade for the general astonishment, the whole city, roused by deeper stirrings, turns out to praise its decaying corpse. Penniless bookkeepers excitedly tally the whale's earning powers; children marvel at its youth and strength; bureaucrats boast of its bulky contribution to the economy. Barren women, seeing the whale, nudge each other and say: "There's a man for you!"

Only Despic Rade, a civil service clerk, remains apart, at first wishing only to ignore the whale: "What's the whale to me?" But adoration for Big Mac sweeps up around him everywhere, and his outspoken feelings about whales soon darken. Worse, whale-worship breeds conspiracies. "It doesn't do to go against public opinion," an old friend whispers in Rade's ear, warning him that his fellow office workers are about to turn on him. His landlady talks in cipher to his fellow lodger, using "big, strong, black and forceful words, always heavy, coarse, masculine nouns, signifying something huge, strong and powerful, which reminded me of the whale." In horror he finds whales swimming into his own conversation—"a whale of a time," "the Prince of Wales."

Martyrdom's Delusion. In this superb social satire, Erich Kos, himself a Yugoslav bureaucrat, dissects the evils of conformity with a fanciful touch that scarcely disguises the depth of his intent; his message is reminiscent of Ionesco's *Rhinoceros*—the battle for individuality is worth fighting against any odds. When *Big Mac* was published in Yugoslavia, orthodox critics and even Kos's admirers agreed that he had perhaps gone too far. Only the madness that eventually spills Hero Rade into the warm bath of martyrdom's delusion—the "devoted ecstasy." Kos calls it—spares Yugoslavian society the full weight of *Big Mac's* lesson. If the man apart is slightly mad, society sheds some blame.

Kos, 49, is well known in Yugoslavia for a heroic novel (*Il Tifo*) and some short stories. Critics there praise him for his efforts to establish social satire in Yugoslavia (despite the fact that as director of the National Museum he is obliged to take the government seriously). But his grasp of the satiric method is so masterful that he keeps several lines of intent running at once—the narrative, the lesson, the joke—creating an impression of charm, not bitterness, of critical appreciation, not disloyalty. To make a point, he follows Voltaire's example and speaks in Panglossian didactics: "When we do not want to think of something, it is best to forget it."

Final Kinship. In *Big Mac*, moreover, Kos's aim reaches far beyond Yugoslavia's frontiers. When the whale's decay at last turns a pinch-nosed public against him, Rade is still despised—he loses mistress,

friends, job and wits. Finally, he feels a kinship with the whale. Big Mac is destroyed, and Rade, who can think of society only as pagan, goes to a hilltop and shouts down on Belgrade: "Armageddon! Armageddon! Armageddon!" Big Mac and Rade, Kos says, have shared an "experience of men." It is an experience, Kos finds, all the more pathetic because it is grand, all the more grave because it is gay.

I Remember Grandmamma

BEFORE MY TIME (638 pp.)—Nicolò Tucci—Simon & Schuster [\$7.50].

Literary critics who lament the emasculating effect that standard *New Yorker* fiction has had on the short story now have something larger to fret about: the formula has been applied to the novel. Predictably, the perpetrator is a *New Yorker* writer named Nicolò Tucci. Predictably, too, the result is an enormous (and plotless) volume in which the small, repetitious encounters of a rich, upper-class *fin de siècle* family (Tucci's) are recollected with all the intensity and detail that Tolstoy lavished on the battle of Borodino. *Before My Time* may be the only book in history that—in somewhat more than half the length of *War and Peace* (1,146 pages)—allows its characters somewhat less emotional development than *Peter Rabbit* (59 pages).

Rich Target. Happily, Writer Tucci has nearly enough brilliance to get away with it. The worldly ménage he depicts in this semifictional account is a rich target for subtlety and sophistication. It is the retinue of Sophie von Randen, Tucci's Russian grandmamma, who moseys about the Europe of 1900 with a French cook,

a German governess, a small art gallery and an ornate *chaise percée*, buying palatial houses or taking over a whole floor of a fancy hotel wherever her widowed whim pleases her to stop.

The old lady has enlightened philosophical thoughts, kept in a much-quoted journal, but she systematically torments her daughter Mary and her provincial Italian son-in-law (who were to be Tucci's parents), both of them tied to her by a mixture of love and guilt, fear and financial dependence. The rest of the family tries to stay at safe telegraph distance from Grandmamma and hope for the best.

Green Blood & Epigram. At his best, Tucci can stand in a rococo drawing room and, with an epigram, nail a passing character to the wall at 40 paces. A plebeian German archaeologist who wants to marry into the family is fit only for "books and tools for blazing jungle trails and utensils for cooking vagrant cats on open fires." With satanic delight Tucci describes the grown-up Von Randen children's feelings about Fräulein Luther, their sickeningly humble governess. They all wanted "to kick her, but kicking such a person is like kicking a huge worm that will cling to the foot, filling the shoe with green, sugary blood, and die looking at us with sad eyes."

Author Tucci's purpose in delving into a family history that occurred before he was born at first seems to be to work a filial hatch job. "I was born a good child," he explains. "Had I lost both of my parents at the age of three or four, I still might have become a good man." But even Tucci's vitriol is mixed with the Vichy water of old-worldly wisdom and a droll sense of the hopeless absurdity of the situation. His mother, with characteristic lack of proportion, is inconsolably sad because Grandmamma will not forgive her for trying to have the cook fired. Grandmamma, whose most self-satisfying role is to suffer over the imagined cruelty of her children, is furious at this. "It was for her to suffer," Tucci writes, "not for Mary. In the presence of the god, how dare a simple priest feel the offense to the faith more than the god himself? There is no graver form of sacrifice than taking Christ's place on the Cross."

Merely a Prelude. In *Before My Time* Tucci suggests (and his publishers confirm) that the book is merely a prelude to a series of autobiographical novels. But Tucci takes far too long to make his biographical points. Again and again he shows the same characters playing the same emotional parts: the domineering old woman, the haplessly childish daughter, the faintly struggling son-in-law. Each family anecdote would make a good (if somewhat bloated) *New Yorker* sketch. But, because only members of a family have limitless interest in family idiosyncrasies, the sum of *Before My Time* is interminably less than its parts. With skill at re-creating the rich past, Tucci has hand-tooled a glittering vintage automobile. It is a perfect replica, with genuine brass driving lamps and a burled walnut dashboard. All it lacks is a motor.



Nicolò Tucci
Vitriol & Vichy water.

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Money, Money, Money. Jean Gabin and a clutch of French comedians demonstrate that money is funny when it is funny money.

The Best of Enemies. A comedy of military errors, starring David Niven and Alberto Sordi as World War II officers who do practically everything but fight.

A Matter of WHO. Britain's Terry-Thomas plays a dewlapped bloodhound from the World Health Organization who goes bugling after a migratory virus and turns up the trail of a swindler.

War Hunt. The story of a struggle, played out in Korea, between two U.S. soldiers: for one of them killing is wrong, for the other it is right.

Hemingway's Adventures of a Young Man. The young man is Hemingway, as he saw himself in the Nick Adams stories, which are here assembled in a charming, rambling, romantically melancholy tale of a boy attempting to get away from mother and become a man. Paul Newman, in a minor role, adds several impressive new wrinkles to Hollywood's standard portrait of a cauliflower ear.

Strangers in the City. Life in Spanish Harlem is explicitly examined in this intelligent social shocker written and directed by Rick Carrier.

Bird Man of Alcatraz. Burt Lancaster gives his finest performance as Robert F. Stroud, a murderer who became an ornithologist while in solitary confinement.

Ride the High Country and Lonely Are the Brave are off-the-beaten-trail westerns about men—Joel McCrea and Randolph Scott in *Cyano*, Kirk Douglas in *Brave*—who attempt to forget the gall of the world in following the call of the wild.

Boccaccio '70. Eros in Italy, interpreted by three top Italian directors (Vittorio De Sica, Federico Fellini, Luchino Visconti) and three top-heavy international stars (Anita Ekberg, Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider).

The Concrete Jungle. A saxophone blues mocks and mourns the rise and fall of the criminal hero in this jagged, jazzy British crime thriller.

The Notorious Landlady is Kim Novak, and her tenant, Jack Lemmon, does not ask for anything more until Scotland Yard, aided by Diplomat Fred Astaire, prods him into some horribly funny discoveries.

Lolita. Any resemblance between this film and the novel is accidental and inconsequential. The partners in this esthetic crime include Author-Scripter Nabokov, Director Stanley Kubrick and Co-Leads James Mason and Sue Lyon. Peter Sellers saves some scenes, and might have saved the movie if only he had been cast as Humbert.

TELEVISION

Wed., Aug. 22

Money Talks (NBC, 7:30-8 p.m.)* Third of a five-day series on U.S. economic problems. Parts 4 and 5 will be shown Aug. 23 and 24, 10:10-10:30 p.m.

Focus on America (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.). The history of a destroyer escort, U.S.S. *Coates*, from its commissioning toward

the end of World War II through its mothballing and recommissioning to its recent departure for a North Atlantic training cruise.

Thurs., Aug. 23

The Lively Ones (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). A fresh summer musical show.

Sat., Aug. 25

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). *No Highway in the Sky*, an engrossing comedy-melodrama about a metallurgist who decides that metal fatigue is causing plane crashes, with James Stewart, Glynis Johns and Marlene Dietrich.

Sun., Aug. 26

The Catholic Hour (NBC, 1:30-2 p.m.). "A Day in the Life of Pope John XXIII," filmed in the Vatican by the Italian television network.

Issues and Answers (ABC, 4-4:30 p.m.). Eleanor Roosevelt and Assistant Secretary of Labor Esther Peterson discuss "Equal Pay for Equal Work."

Wide World of Sports (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The Women's National A.A.U. swimming and diving championships in Chicago.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The day-to-day events of the week before World War II started, including recordings made 23 years ago by Eric Sevareid in Paris, Edward R. Murrow in London and William L. Shirer in Berlin.

Mon., Aug. 27

The Riddle of the Lusitania (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). John Chancellor narrates this recall of the 1915 sinking of the *Lusitania*.

THEATER

Straw Hat

Boothbay Harbor, Me., Boothbay Playhouse: the U.S. premiere of *A Clean Kill*, a murder mystery from England, whose whodunits have become a major export.

Tamworth, N.H., The Barnstormers: two one-act plays by Terence Rattigan, *The Browning Version* and *Harlequinade*.

Cambridge, Mass., Loeb Drama Center: Richard Wilbur's verse translation of Molière's *The Misanthrope*.

Framingham, Mass., Carousel Theater: Gale Storm, one of the many *Wildcat*ers bringing in gushers this season.

New York City, New York Shakespeare Festival: *King Lear*, the third and final production of free Bard in the Park.

Mountainhome, Pa., Pocono Playhouse: Claudia McNeil playing the role she created on Broadway in *A Raisin in the Sun*.

Philadelphia, Pa., Playhouse in the Park: Oscar-Winner (*West Side Story*) Rita Moreno in *The Miracle Worker*.

Gaithersburg, Md., Shady Grove Music Fair: *The Tender Trap*, with Red Buttons.

Warren, Ohio, Packard Music Hall: *Flower Drum Song*, with Juanita (Bloody Mary) Hall and Old Timer Ramon (Ben-Hur) Navarro.

Highland Park, Ill., Music Theater: *West Side Story*, with Dorothy Dandridge.

St. Louis, Mo., Municipal Opera: Meredith Willson's *Musical Man*.

Danville, Ky., Pioneer Playhouse: *A Touch of Spring*, a new play by Madeline Davidson and Maurice Glucher.

Monterey, Calif., Wharf Theater: Beatrice Kay and Allen Jenkins in *Gypsy*.

Stratford, Ont., Stratford Shakespeare Festival: Christopher Plummer's acting turn this season includes both *Macbeth* and *Cyano*; also in the Stratford repertory: *The Taming of the Shrew* and *The Tempest*.

On Broadway

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum. Initially conceived by Plautus and cunningly performed by Zero Mostel, his fellow clowns and six delectable houris, this zany burlesquerie is good for high, low, and furrowed brows.

A Thousand Clowns. by Herb Gardner. This is nonconformism's funniest hour on the current Broadway stage. The entire cast, headed by Jason Robards Jr., deserves an award.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Letters of James Agee to Father Flye. The personal chronicle of an idealistic writer who kept finding that even an exceptional talent was not enough to do justice to his vision of the world.

The Inheritors. by William Golding. In a fascinating display of imagination, the author of *Lord of the Flies* delves into prehistory to tell how a pathetic band of apelike Neanderthals is exterminated by a terrifying new breed—man himself.

Rocking the Boat. by Gore Vidal. A onetime boy novelist, now become playwright and part-time politician, shies a few rocks at an assortment of U.S. ideas and institutions.

Letting Go. by Philip Roth. An over-long but powerful novel shows off a sharp eye for irony and a fine ear for dialogue but fails to make the goings-on of the youthful characters seem significant.

Death of a Highbrow. by Frank Swinerton. In this excellent novel by an author who has never had the recognition he deserves, an eminent man of letters relives a literary feud with a dead rival and decides that the man was not so much his enemy as his friend.

The Reivers. by William Faulkner. A funny, gentle, entirely delightful last work.

Saint Francis. by Nikos Kazantzakis. The sweat, as well as the spiritual anguish, of a famous saintly lifetime.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Ship of Fools*, Porter (1, last week)
2. *Youngblood Hawke*, Wouk (2)
3. *The Reivers*, Faulkner (4)
4. *Uhuru*, Ruark (5)
5. *Dearly Beloved*, Lindbergh (3)
6. *The Prize*, Wallace (7)
7. *Another Country*, Baldwin (6)
8. *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, Stone (8)
9. *Letting Go*, Roth (10)
10. *Portrait in Brownstone*, Auchincloss

NONFICTION

1. *The Rothschilds*, Morton (1)
2. *My Life in Court*, Nizer (2)
3. *One Man's Freedom*, Williams (3)
4. *Men and Decisions*, Strauss (4)
5. *O Ye Jigs & Juleps!*, Hudson (9)
6. *The Guns of August*, Tuchman (5)
7. *Sex and the Single Girl*, Brown (6)
8. *In the Clearing*, Frost (7)
9. *Vecek—as in Wreck*, Vecek (8)
10. *Calories Don't Count*, Taller

* All times E.D.T.

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